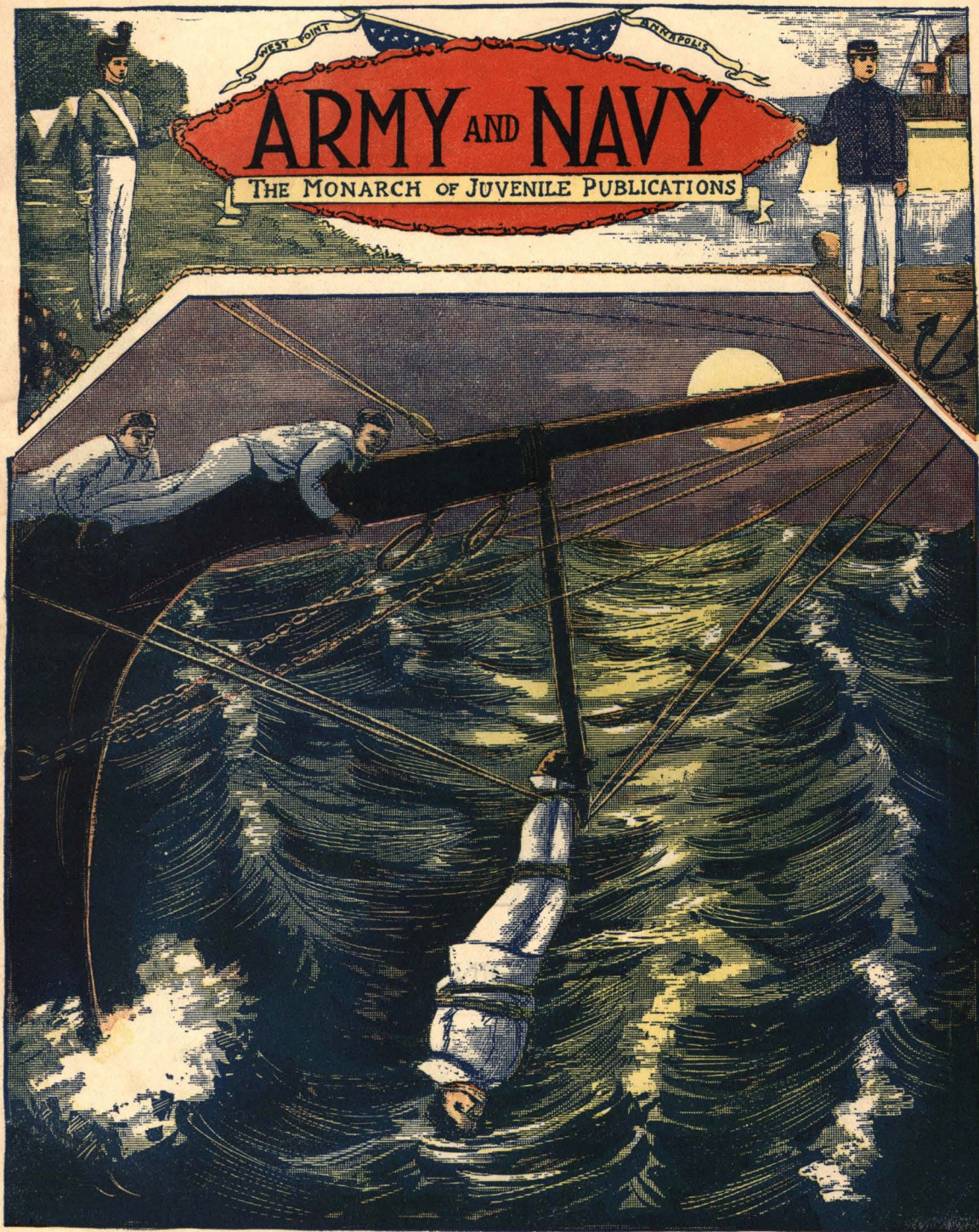


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FUN AFLOAT AND ASHORE

Two military and naval cadet school stories complete in this number.

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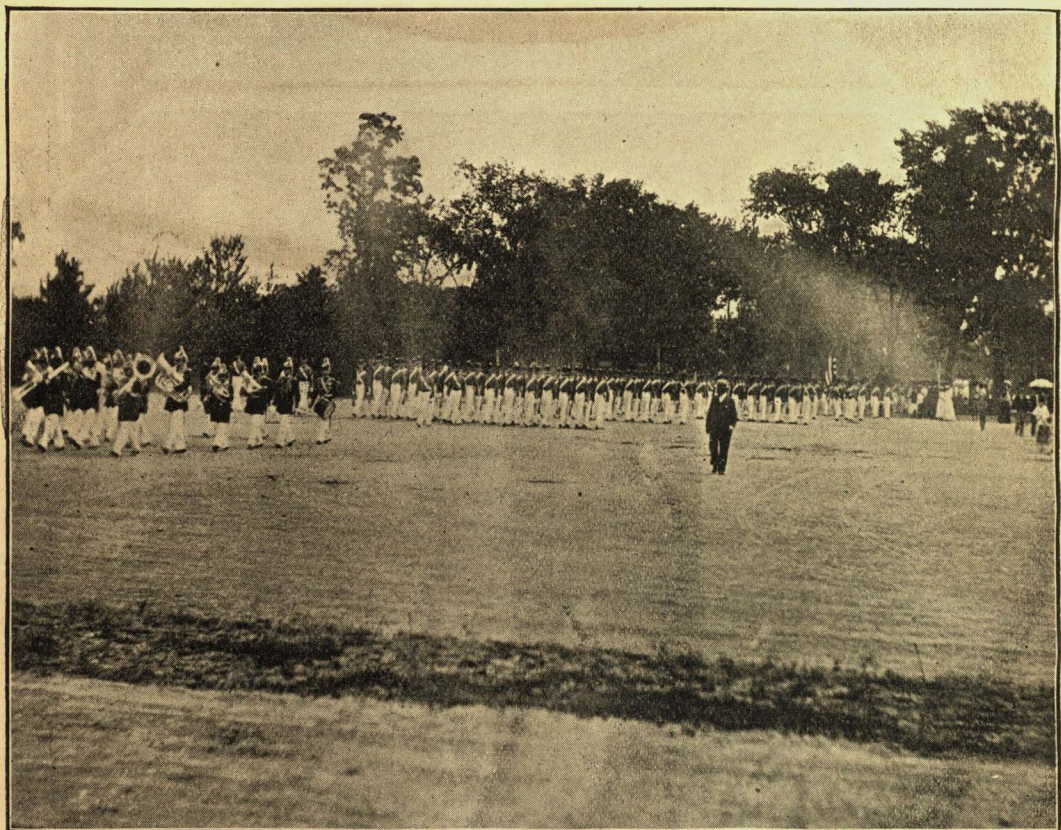
"Clif Faraday will have the freshness salted out of him down there," chuckled Crane.
("Clif Faraday's Failure," Complete in this number)

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A WEST POINT SCENE.

The Cadet Battalion Marching from Camp to Barracks.

ARMY AND NAVY.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION FOR OUR BOYS.

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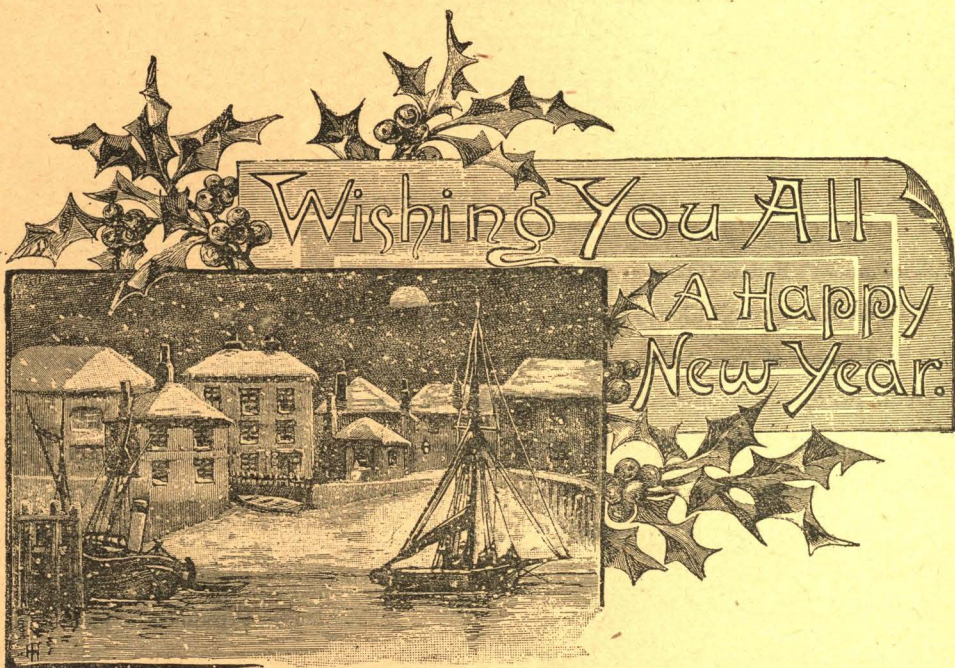
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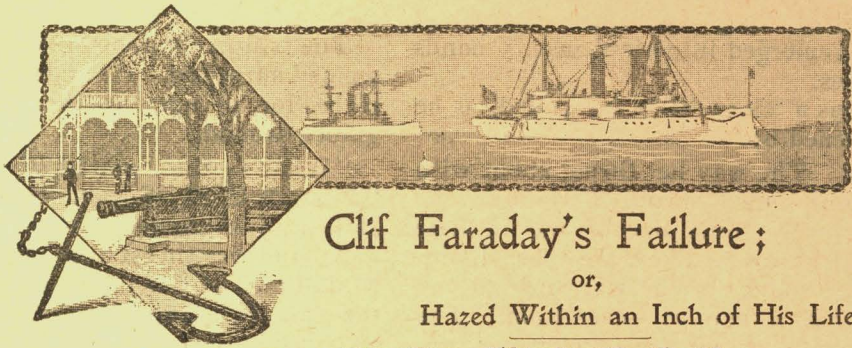
CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:

	PAGE.
Clif Faraday's Failure (Complete story), Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.	1347
Mark Mallory's Arrest (Complete story), Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.	1359
The Treasure of Isora (Serial) Brooks McCormick	1374
Under the Shadow (Illustrated Short Story) Gordon Roberts	1376
Tom Fenwick's Fortune (Serial), Frank H. Converse	1379
The Cryptogram (Serial), William Murray Graydon	1382
A Young Breadwinner (Serial) Matthew White, Jr.	1386
Editorial Chat	Department 1390
Amateur Journalism	Department 1391
Our Joke Department	1392

PRIZE CONTEST.

THE results of the "Criticism Contest" will be announced next week. A new competition is now in preparation. Watch this page for details.





Clif Faraday's Failure;

or,

Hazed Within an Inch of His Life.

By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.

CHAPTER I.

ON MISCHIEF BENT.

"If we are caught the old man will keelhaul us, Clif."

"If we are caught, Joy. Don't worry yourself into a fever about that. There's no danger. Anyway the fun is worth the risk. Where's Nanny and Trolley?"

"Coming. Had to bump their hammocks to awaken them. That Jap, Trolley, must be a descendant of the Seven Sleepers. He——"

"Sh-h! here comes a cadet officer."

Two youthful figures clad in the picturesque white working clothes worn by United States naval cadets, dropped silently to the deck behind a huge hawser reel.

They remained as motionless as statues while a tall, erect cadet wearing a sword slowly walked past their hiding-place.

He paused and glanced around suspiciously. The faint light from a forecastle lamp cast grotesque shadows here and there, shadows which seemed to his critical mind to conceal any number of cadets bent on deviltry.

"I heard voices in here," he muttered. "It's some of those confounded plebes. I'd give a good deal to catch one, especially that fresh 'function' Clif Faraday."

"That's you," breathed Joy, behind the reel, with a suspicion of a chuckle.

"It shows how important I am," retorted Clif. "It's a great thing to be famous even if only as a fresh plebe."

The cadet officer listened quietly for a moment, then he drew his sword.

"If any one is hiding in the corners I'll soon make them squeal," he said aloud.

He industriously poked the weapon into all the shadowy spots and finally reached the hawser reel.

"This is a likely place," he muttered. "Used to hide there myself when on my first practice cruise."

The sharp-pointed sword slit the darkness back of the reel and met with an obstacle which seemed soft and yielding.

"Ah, what's that?" exclaimed the cadet officer, grimly. "I've found something."

He bore hard upon the hilt, but no sound came from the corner. Withdrawing the sword he gave another thrust, and with the same result.

This puzzled him. The triumphant expression faded from his face, and he reluctantly restored the sword to its scabbard.

"Must be some old dunnage or a coil of rope. Thought I had a plebe sure."

The mellow sound of a bell floated down from above—clang, clang! clang, clang! clang, clang! clang!"

"Seven bells, eleven-thirty o'clock. Heigh-o! Half an hour longer, then I'll have a chance to turn in. Fellows outside who want to become naval cadets think this life is all romance and fun. They're in their little beds snoozing now with never a care, and here I am pacing the deck of the old Monongahela at sea, and trying my best to catch a plebe on a racket. Humph! wish I'd stayed home."

Still soliloquizing, the young officer sauntered from the forecastle and slowly disappeared in the gloom enshrouding the quarter-deck.

"By Jake! I thought he had caught us dead to rights," said Joy, backing out

from behind the reel. "Hi, Clif! he's gone!"

"Glad of that," came the reply, and Faraday emerged into view on his hands and knees.

"It was a close call," he added, as he straightened up.

"Yes. The way he thrust about with that confounded sword I thought he would surely pink one of us. I hate swords, anyway. They are the distinguishing mark of a warrior, and you know what a man of peace I am. The olive branch is the true—what in thunder is that?"

He stooped and pointed to a bright red stain which was spreading on Clif's white duck trousers just above the knee.

"What's the matter, Clif? Why, chum, you are wounded."

"It is nothing—a mere scratch," replied Faraday, coolly.

"Nothing?"—Joy was hastily examining a jagged hole in the duckcloth—"Nothing? It's a sword wound. Clif, that cadet officer cut you."

"Oh, I guess he pinked me a little. But it isn't worth making a fuss about. I'll go down and get Henry, the sick-bayman, to give me a bit of bandage. In the meantime meet Trolley and Nanny and have them——" he gasped, slightly, and his handsome face blanched with pain—"have them ready. I'll be back in a minute."

He walked away, striving his utmost to keep from limping. His hands were clinched and his white teeth were firmly set. A little trail of blood marked his course to the forward hatchway.

"Well, of all the plucky customers, he certainly takes the medal," murmured Joy, following his chum's retreating figure with his eyes. "By Jake! if it had been me I'd yelled like a Comanche Indian. What nerve, what wonderful nerve."

He was dancing about in an excited manner when two youths, one small and the other squat and burly, slipped into the circle of light from the shadows forward.

The latter youth whom, from his peculiar countenance was evidently a subject of the Emperor of Japan, held up both hands in evident amazement.

"Quick, Nanny!" he exclaimed. "Something happen. Look at Joy. He crazy. Never seen him like that before."

The slight youngster with him also seemed surprised. He stared at the lanky plebe for a moment, then gave a quick glance around.

"What's the matter?" he cried. "Where's Clif? Speak, confound you! Has anything happened——"

A hand was thrust over his mouth from behind and he was dragged down close to the side of the topgallant forecastle.

"Sh-h! Some one come from aft," whispered Trolley.

The latter with Joy crouched alongside the little lad and the trio waited in breathless silence while the tall figure of the cadet officer slowly appeared into view.

The new-comer cast a glance around the apartment, then he turned on his heel and walked away. Before he had gone ten paces, he suddenly wheeled and looked back.

But the hidden plebes were too shrewd to be caught by such an ancient trick. They had played "hide and seek" before, and with suspicious cadet officers, too.

Evidently disappointed at his failure, the youthful officer again vanished. After a moment the three plebes came out, Trolley and Nanny chuckling merrily, but Joy with the inevitable funereal expression still upon his mealancholy face.

"Thought we were durned fools," grinned Nanny. "It'll take a smarter chump than Corporal Sharp to catch us."

"He no in it somewhat," said the Japanese youth, who had a penchant for slang and a wonderful facility for twisting it. "Him got to get a motion on him before he——"

"But what about Clif?" anxiously interrupted Nanny. "Where is he?"

"Down in the sick bay," replied Joy, gloomily.

"Why—what——"

"Cadet Corporal Sharp stuck him with his sword."

"The deuce! I go stick him."

The exclamation came from Trolley. He started off, but his two companions caught him each by an arm.

"Don't be a chump," said Joy. "You will only get yourself into a scrape. You

can't attack a cadet officer, man. It would be rank mutiny."

"I no care. He hurt Clif Faraday, and him my good friend. I fight for Clif any week. Let go."

"I'll beat your fat head to a jelly if you move a finger!" cried Nanny, throwing both arms about his neck.

This blood-curdling threat and the fact that the little lad's arms were almost choking him, caused the pugnacious Jap to desist.

"All right," he muttered, reluctantly. "I lick him out of sight sometime. Him hurt Clif."

He ended with a long string of Japanese expletives, and peace was restored once more.

"How did it happen?" queried Nanny, addressing Joy.

The lanky cadet explained briefly, adding, with unusual animation:

"I hadn't the least idea Clif was being wounded. The boy never whimpered, and that sword was uncommon keen. It must have hurt like the deuce."

"It would take more than that to make Clif Faraday cry out," said Nanny, proudly. "I never saw such a fellow. He's simply wonderful."

"He's got a great head."

"Him beat the deck."

"Look at what he has done since we all entered the Naval Academy last June," continued Nanny, warmly. "Why, before he came in, the plebes didn't dare breathe. Crane and that crowd ruled the roost and thought, simply because they were members of the third class that they could make us plebes eat dirt."

"Clif showed them two or one things," chimed in Trolley. "He whip the stockings on the whole gang. He beat 'em at every point. If it no was for Clif we would not be nothing. Hurray!"

"And he isn't a bit vindictive either," said Joy. "When Jackson, the third class-man was ill in Madeira, Clif brought him fruit and the latest papers from shore."

"And Jackson hated him like poison, too. Now they say he swears by Clif, and his whole class is going to cut him for it."

"Clif he no stuck up because he cadet," observed Trolley, reminiscently. "I see

him explaining things to one of the sailors yesterday."

"And he gave that poor fellow who was sent ashore to the hospital five dollars for expenses."

There is no telling how much longer this song of praise would have continued if there had not come a startling interruption just then.

The three plebes were so interested in their theme that no one observed the stealthy approach from aft of a figure clad as a cadet officer.

The first intimation of danger was a rapid step, and a stern voice, saying in muffled tones:

"What are you doing here, sir? Your names, please."

"Oh, lud! it's Sharpe!" groaned Nanny.

Trolley stepped up to the new-comer and drew back his clinched fist.

"I fix you now for hurting Clif!" he cried, threateningly. But the blow never fell.

CHAPTER II.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

A low but merry laugh came from the supposed cadet officer, and he removed his cap with a mocking bow.

"Clif Faraday!" stammered Trolley, starting back.

"Clif, by all that's wonderful!" chorused Joy and Nanny.

"You fellows are easily fooled," laughed Clif. "Why, you were white in the face. The next time you have something important to talk about just go down in the hold."

"Important subject," chuckle Nanny. "That's good. How egotistical he is. We were talking about you all the time."

"I good mind to lick you anyhow," said Trolley, whose beaming face belied his words. "You fool me plenty good. I think I see my finish."

"What-in the world are you doing in those duds?" asked Joy.

"Got mine all stained with blood, and thought I would use Thorpe's. He's asleep and he don't know the difference. Glad the idea struck me. It helped me to teach you fellows the importance of being careful. Have you got the things?"

Joy produced a bundle and opened it, displaying to view a small jacket, a diminutive pair of trousers and a smart-looking cap. The whole formed a complete suit in miniature of the naval cadet uniform.

In large white letters upon the back of the jacket were the words:

"NAVAL CADET CRANE
Third Class Chump."

"He'll have a spasm when he sees this," chuckled Clif. "He looks like a monkey anyway, and when we get this suit on that baboon the captain got in Bermuda, and turn it loose there'll be more fun than a country circus."

"Did you bring the bell, Trolley?" asked Joy.

The Japanese youth drew a small hand bell, and three tin cups from beneath his blouse.

He exhibited the latter articles with a prodigious grin, and said:

"I find these two. They make bully noise. That monk, he no do something when he find them tied to him neck. Hurray!"

"What did you find below, Nanny?" queried Clif.

"The cage is just outside the captain's door," replied the little cadet. "It's fastened with a lock, but I bribed the steward to give me the key. He hates the idea of tending to a monk, and he was glad enough to help us."

"Forward, then," briefly commanded Faraday.

As they crept toward the hatchway leading to the gundeck a youth scantily attired in night clothes hastily rose from a crouching position on the upper steps of the ladder and vanished below.

Before Clif and his companions had reached the top of the ladder he was clear across the deck stooping under a hammock.

Peeping out he saw the unsuspecting quartette of plebes file silently aft toward the officers' quarters.

"Ha! ha! it's a good thing I felt restless to-night," grimly laughed the watcher. "Going to decorate the captain's new monkey, Clif Faraday, eh? And make Crane a laughing stock. Well, we'll see. It's a long time since I

have had a chance to square some of the debts between us, but I'll do it now as sure as my name is Judson Greene."

He paused and thought for a moment, then resumed, muttering to himself.

"Shall I call Spendly and try to outwit them, or let Crane know what's going on. I'd rather do the latter, as he can get a lot of his classmates together and haze the stuffing out of Faraday, but I am a plebe myself, and the fellows would raise — I don't care. I'll risk it."

He hurried over to a hammock across the deck and shook it stealthily. His efforts soon brought results.

"What in the dev——"

"Sh-h! Crane, I say, Crane!"

A leg appeared over the edge of the hammock, then a surly, frowning face followed. The occupant of the hammock was on the point of breaking out into an indignant protest when Greene hastily interposed.

"Get up and dress," he whispered, eagerly. "There's something afoot. Faraday——"

"Yes?"

"He's going to spring a scheme on you. Get some fellows and I'll show you how to stop it."

Crane was wide awake by this time. The mere mentioning of the name of his hated enemy was enough.

Springing lightly to the floor, he slipped into a pair of duck trousers and a blouse, the while plying Judson with questions.

"They are going to make a monkey of me, eh? Well, we'll see if we can't make a whole jungle full of them. Got a suit with my name on it, and as a third class chump, have they? I'd like to break Faraday's face. Blast him! he's caused more trouble to the third class than a thousand other plebes. The service is going to the deuce when a fresh 'function' like him can defy the whole third class. Now, if they were all like you," here Judson winced, "we'd be all right. Hand me that sock. That's it. Come on."

Crane hurried to several other hammocks and soon half dozen half-clad third class cadets were gathered in a secluded spot discussing in whispers a plan to capture and subdue their mortal enemy, Clif

Faraday, the "freshest plebe the Academy ever saw."

"I've got a scheme," exclaimed Crane at last, and he was so excited that several prompt "sh-h's!" came from his companions. "It's great," he continued in a lower tone.

"It'll break that fresh duck's heart."

"What's the plan?"

"Tell it quick."

"Wait a moment," interrupted a cadet from Iowa named Pierce.

He glanced suspiciously at Judson, and added:

"What's this plebe doing here? He belongs to Faraday's crew."

"I don't," protested Greene.

"No, he's a sneak," put in another cadet, contemptuously. "He's a traitor and a turncoat. I guess Faraday wouldn't have him. Faraday's square, anyway. He fights fair."

"That's what I say," said another cadet. "If that sneak is going to have anything to do with it I'll draw out."

"So will I."

"You fellows needn't get your backs up," growled Crane, making a sign to Judson. "He's not in this affair. He just gave me a bit of information."

Greene slipped away without listening to further argument. His face burned with something as near shame as his mean petty nature could feel. Thoroughly discomfited, he went to his hammock and turned in, and that was the last of him for that night.

After a few further words, Crane explained his great plan. It was received with enthusiasm, and the half-dozen cadets started on the trail of Clif Faraday and his chums.

CHAPTER III.

THE REVOLT OF JOCKO.

In the meantime Clif and his party had made their way aft to the vicinity of the cabin pantry.

Their object was, as has been partially explained, to enlist the aid if not the sympathies of a baboon recently purchased by the captain of the Monongahela, in a scheme to duly make ridiculous the name of one Crane, naval cadet of the third class.

The war between the third class and the "Great Unhazed," as Clif joyially called his little band, had progressed with but few intermissions of peace since the entrance of the new plebes into the Academy.

The "war," if it could so be called, had thus far resulted decidedly in favor of Clif and his friends. The young leader had displayed such cleverness and courage in outwitting the enemy that the fame of the feud had spread outside the Academy.

On board the practice ship, now returning from the annual cruise, the struggle between the handful of plebes and the third class was being watched with the greatest interest.

Even Captain Brookes, a stern disciplinarian generally, kept himself posted through his executive officer. Both were graduates of the old Academy, and the recollections of their own experiences as plebes and third classmen was still green within them.

Thus far the hazing had been confined to the forward deck, but this night Clif had boldly decided to invade the sacred precincts aft.

It was a ticklish undertaking, to attempt to invade the cage of a half-wild and probably irritable baboon, and to clothe him in unaccustomed garments, but the reckless plebes gave it little thought.

"If the monk kicks up a row we'll just scoot, that's all," remarked Joy. "By Jake! it'll be worth all the trouble to turn the laugh on Crane."

"If Jocko sees that face of yours he will be too paralyzed to chatter," grinned Nanny.

"He! he!" began Trolley, but Clif checked his mirth.

"Shut up that trap," he commanded, in a whisper. "You fellows will spoil everything. The old man had a ward-room dinner to-night, and he'll not sleep very much. Here's the cage."

The little party halted in front of a wooden box-like affair having a front of small iron rods. It was about five feet in height and four feet deep.

Despite the boy's cautious approach the occupant was aroused, and the faint clank of a chain came from the dark interior.

"His monkship is on to us," said Clif, peering into the cage. "I am afraid he'll be calling the watch before long."

"You show light and I mesmerize him," suggested Trolley. "My eye have great power over wild beasts."

"A good club would have more," commented Joy.

Clif suddenly straightened up.

"Why didn't I think of that before?" he exclaimed.

"What?"

"Chloroform. We'll put the begger asleep. Nanny, run forward and ask Henry, the sick bayman, to send me a bottle of chloroform and a spray atomizer. Say it's for me. Quick!"

The little plebe vanished, and the others withdrew from the cage. A few moments later Nanny reappeared and gave Clif the articles he had asked for.

"You certainly take the biscuit," he said. "You can get anything on this ship for the asking. I believe the old man would give you his best shirt if you sent for it. Here's your chloroform and sprayer. Henry almost broke his neck in his hurry to get it."

Clif laughed as he took the articles from Nanny's hands.

"You are only kidding, youngster," he replied. "You fellows hold your noses while I fix the monk."

He filled the atomizer and thrust the nozzle part between the bars. The act was evidently viewed as a hostile one by Jocko as he gave vent to a shrill screech.

"Holy Moses! let him have it!" ejaculated Joy.

Clif sent a fine stream of the drug into the cage. It was a lucky shot, striking the animal fairly in the face. There was a sputtering, a faint chattering, then all was quiet again.

Nanny hastily produced the key he had secured from the steward and in much less time than it takes to write it, the devil-may-care cadets had poor Jocko out upon the deck.

The animal was still whimpering, but another dose of chloroform silenced him.

"Now for the grand transformation scene," chuckled Clif, as he deftly fastened the little cap upon the baboon's head. "Darwin's theory stands every chance of complete vindication. From a

monkey to a naval cadet in three minutes is pretty fair time."

"It wouldn't take that long in your case, Trolley," insinuated Nanny. "You are two parts gorilla now."

"I no got mug like a girl no way," retorted the Japanese youth.

That was a sore point with the little cadet and he promptly subsided. The process of transformation went merrily on and Master Monk was soon attired in a manner calculated to bring tears of mirth to the eyes of an Egyptian mummy.

The uniform fitted him fairly well, and the grave, hairy face under the jaunty cap was indescribably droll.

The boys found it difficult to keep from shouting with laughter. Trolley, whose risibilities were easily aroused, chuckled so loudly that Clif became alarmed.

"Will you quit it?" he exclaimed. "We will have the old man out here as — Gee-whiz! Scoot!"

The alarm followed the sudden opening of a door within a dozen feet of them. In the opening appeared a figure in pajamas. A light in the room behind brought out the figure in bold relief.

It was Captain Brookes!

Clif was quick-witted enough to dodge behind a circular gun rack, dragging the stupefied monkey with him. Joy, Nanny and Trolley faded away in different directions and with an alertness born of long practice.

"What's up out here, I wonder?" grumbled the Monongahela's commanding officer. "I heard that money chattering. If any of those mischievous boys have been tampering with him I'll—hello!"

A cadet in undress darted from the darkness forward and brought up almost in his arms. Five or six others followed the first, almost stumbling over each other as they came to a sudden stop.

"What's the meaning of—" began the captain, but before he could finish the exclamation the new-comers fled pell-mell.

Captain Brookes was an active man despite his years, and he darted in pursuit grasping one of the fugitives by the arm before he had gone a dozen paces.

"No you don't, my fine fellow!"

gasped the irate officer. "Two can play at that game. Just come back here and let us see who you are."

As he dragged the luckless cadet toward the cabin he suddenly noticed that the cage door was open.

"You have been at my monkey!" he cried, wrathfully. "So that is why you are here, eh?"

"No-o, s-sir," stammered the prisoner. "I didn't see the mo-monkey, sir. Indeed I didn't, sir."

"Then who did?"

"I—I don't now, sir."

"What are you doing out of your hammock and in this part of the ship? Are you on watch?"

"No, sir."

"Then——"

By that time the captain had escorted his captive within the circle of light. As the two paused near the door the sound of a subdued chuckle and a strange chattering noise came from the gloom back of them.

"By Jake! he's got Crane," loudly whispered a voice.

Dropping his prisoner, who really was the leader of the third-class hazers, Captain Brookes made a dash for the spot.

Before he could reach it, what seemed to be a microscopic edition of a naval cadet confronted him. There was a howl and a shriek and the strange apparition made a flying leap, landing upon the astounded officer's breast.

A hairy paw grasped him by the beard and another tore a great slit in his pajamas.

Then with a shrill clattering the object sprang for Crane.

It was Jocko the baboon!

The first attack resulted as already described, then Jocko made a dash for Crane, leaving Captain Brookes furious with rage and pain.

The thirdclass cadet divined the baboon's intentions in time to turn, but not to escape.

He broke for the cabin door yelling for help at the top of his voice, but when he passed through it Jocko was resting comfortably upon his back, and calmly digging great furrows in his face and neck.

The pandemonium had aroused the whole ship. The members of the watch off duty were tumbling from their hammocks in alarm, and those on deck were choking the hatchways in their efforts to reach the scene of disturbance.

Crane and the monkey in their wild dash through the cabin encountered a ladder leading above. At that moment the executive officer, hurrying to the lower deck, had reached the bottom of this ladder.

Crane and he came together with great force, and both were sent sprawling.

"Murder! Fire! Ow-w!" shrieked the terrified cadet.

The executive officer said something stronger, and having in mind a possible mutiny of the crew, launched forth with his sword, which he had hastily snatched up. The flat part of the weapon caught Master Jocko in the ribs and sent him flying toward the ladder. Up this he scrambled shrieking with pain.

As luck would have it the surgeon, grown gray in the service, was about to descend. A convivial evening with the ward-room mess had somewhat befuddled him, and he stopped aghast when his eyes fell upon the uncanny object hastily approaching.

Never before in all his experience had he seen a naval cadet three feet high and with such a strange hairy face. The good doctor started to rub his eyes, but suddenly he was set upon, scratched in a dozen places, bit in the leg, and almost disrobed.

And then his wails of fear mingled with those of Crane.

In the meantime Clif and his chums had gained the upper deck by way of the forward hatch. The four boys were almost breathless from laughing.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

Wild with fright and anger, annoyed at being disturbed, and almost crazed by the strange drug, the animal had quickly recovered consciousness and broke from Clif's grasp.

It must be confessed that the latter made little effort to detain Jocko. He saw great possibilities of fun in giving him freedom, and he not only released the baboon, but gave him a pinch for good measure.

The racket kicked up by Jocko had exceeded their fondest expectations, and they were merrily congratulating each other as they hurried to the quarterdeck.

"Is Crane in it?" chuckled Nanny.

"Up to his red hair," replied Joy.

"This affair will settle that boy's goose. He'll be willing to salute a plebe after this."

"Did you see him shoot through the door with the monk combing his back hair?" laughed Faraday. "It was a sight

He eyed the four plebes wickedly as they approached, and little Nanny fell back in alarm.

"Look out, the brute will jump you," he cried, warningly.

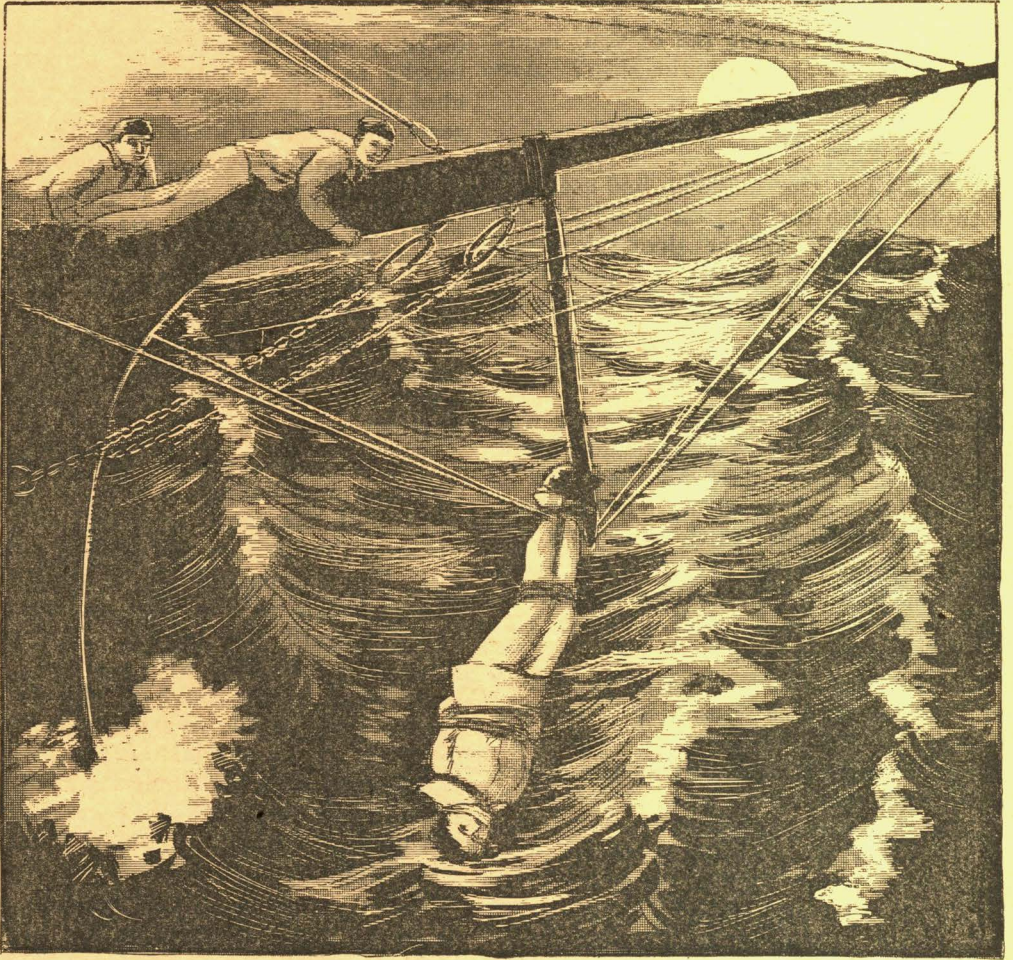
"I got idea," exclaimed Trolley, grasping Clif by the arm.

"Well?"

"We catch monk."

"And stop the fun? Not much."

"But it be good for us. We get glory for capturing wild monk, see? And



"CLIF FARADAY WILL HAVE THE FRESHNESS SALTED OUT OF HIM DOWN THERE," CHUCKLED CRANE (page 1357)

for old Neptune. And the captain, ha! ha! ha!—it's too rich!"

The boys reached the after hatch just as Jocko had finished paying his respects to the surgeon. The latter had collapsed on the upper step and was feebly striking at the empty air with his clinched hands.

Jocko was perched on the edge of the canopy railing getting his second wind.

Crane, him get it into the necks for causing all trouble. Hurray!"

"It's not a bad idea," hastily replied Clif. "Jocko will be caught before long anyway, or shot. And we might as well get the credit. Rush him, fellows."

He advanced cautiously, picking up the end of a rope as he did so. Joy and Trolley slipped to the right and the left

with the intention of flanking Jocko, and Nanny followed close behind Faraday.

The baboon chattered viciously at them and crouched as if for a spring.

"Throw the rope around him," directed the officer of the watch, approaching from forward. "Let him have—look out!"

Jocko, seeing that his enemies meant business, concluded to force the fighting. With a screech of rage he leaped toward Clif.

The plebe was ready for him, however. Swinging the heavy rope's end he sent it flying directly into the animal's face. Jocko staggered back and before he could recover himself a thick tarpaulin was thrown over him.

"Skilfully done!" called out Captain Brookes, emerging from the hatchway. "You deserve credit, Mr. Faraday."

"Yes sir," replied Clif, meekly.

As poor Jocko was carried below to his cage Captain Brookes called the executive officer and bade him muster the whole crew at daybreak.

"I intend to probe this outrage to the bottom," he stormed. "It is going too far when cadets, who are supposed to be sleeping in their hammocks, invade the after part of the ship and create such a disgraceful disturbance. I fortunately know one of the perpetrators"—here he glared at Crane—"and I'll discover the others."

"Hurra! I wish he soaks him," said Trolley to Joy. "Crane no good. Him get it this trip."

"By Jake! it's our time to crow," replied the lanky plebe. "The third class fellows will have to get up before day to beat Clif."

Now it chanced that this little bit of boasting on Joy's part started a train of circumstances which was destined to cause Faraday no end of trouble before the night was over.

Crane was a youth of remarkably sharp hearing. From where he stood he caught the words, and they acted like oil on the fire of his wrath against Clif.

"I'll get him yet," he muttered savagely to himself. "I'll carry out my scheme if I have to kill him. We'll see if he can defy the whole third class."

The decks were cleared a few moments

later, and soon the practice ship was silently plowing through the waves as if pandemonium had never reigned within her wooden walls.

Clif and his merry "crew" retired to their respective hammocks after a reminiscent chuckle or two, little suspecting the plotting of their arch enemy.

It was shortly after the changing of the watch at eight bells (four o'clock) that four half-clad figures stole up to Clif's hammock. One of the figures—Crane—bore a stout piece of canvas, and two of the others carried ropes.

Crane stationed himself at the head and, giving a signal to his companion, quickly wound the canvas about Faraday's face.

The rest deftly enveloped him in the ropes and soon they had their victim out of the hammock and stretched, trussed like a fowl, upon the deck.

"Sh-h! step lightly," muttered the head conspirator. "Bring him to the forecabin. I'll go in advance and see if the coast is clear."

The "coast," unfortunately for poor Clif, was clear, and very quietly and expeditiously his enemies carried him to the extreme forward part of the topgallant forecabin.

"Now," said Crane, with a triumphant chuckle, "we'll give the fool a dose he'll remember as long as he lives."

CHAPTER V.

HAZED WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE.

Clif's thoughts can be imagined. The first attack was so entirely unexpected that it required several minutes of vain grasping for the truth before he could realize the situation.

To be rudely snatched from a hammock while buried in slumber, and bound and gagged and hustled up two ladders with no gentle force is sufficient to confuse one's ideas.

Clif felt that it was an attempted hazing, but he did not think he was in Crane's hands until that youth made the remark chronicled in the previous chapter.

The victim had no idea where he had been taken, nor did he have the faintest inkling of his captors' purpose. That it

meant an unpleasant experience he felt assured.

Suddenly, while he was pondering over the situation and incidently straining at his bonds to see if there were any hope of escape, he heard a low voice close to his ear.

"What do you think of yourself now, Clif Faraday?" it said, triumphantly. "You're in a pretty pickle, aren't you? It would take the whole third class to down you, would it? Well, understand, there are only four of us, and we're going to down you in a way you won't like."

Prompted by a desire to hear Clif's reply to the taunt, Crane—for he was the speaker unloosened the canvas about the prisoner's head.

Under other circumstances this would have been a foolish move, but Crane knew very well that Clif would not create an alarm. Certain peculiar rules of etiquette among hazers and hazed at the Academy make it incumbent on the latter not to place the former in any danger of discovery by the authorities.

Now Crane's words had touched a sore spot in Clif's feelings. Ordinarily cool and collected, he felt an overpowering resentment in the present case, and he lost his temper.

"You will not down me, you coward," he retorted, passionately. "I defy the whole lot of you. All your class put together can't do it."

Crane chuckled and felt glad. He was also somewhat amazed. Never before had he had the pleasure of arousing Clif. He winked gleefully at his companions, and prepared to continue the badgering.

"What a saucy little child it is," he said, with what he considered fine sarcasm. "It needs to be spanked and put to bed. Don't oo cry, ittie pittie. Your mamma will care for oo."

"Go to blazes!" replied Clif, contemptuously. "You make me ill. If you have any scheme in mind, just try it on, that's all. You will find your hands full."

"Don't you think so for a minute, Faraday," retorted Crane, grimly. "We've got you dead, and we'll show you that you can't make a success of everything. We'll make you record a failure this night, just watch us. To-morrow the whole ship will know that the leader of

the 'Great Unhazed' can no longer claim the title."

To this threat Clif made no reply. He was compelled to confess to himself that his enemies at last had the upper hand. The rope with which he was bound resisted all his efforts. Call for help he would not. No, not if they killed him. In silence he awaited events. He was curious to know what they intended to do with him.

If the faintest conception of his enemies' cruel plan had come to him it is doubtful whether he would have been so easy in mind.

He felt himself lifted and placed upon some hard object, then another rope was tied around his ankles.

"It's a good job our fellows are on watch here," he heard Crane say with a chuckle. "Otherwise we could not carry out our great scheme. Up with him now. Ed, you go first. Here, take this rope and fasten it in the proper place. Leave plenty of slack."

The next moment Clif was drawn forward and up what seemed to be an inclined spar. His back rubbed over ropes and bolts, and he could feel that he was being handled very gingerly.

Once he felt the ship give a lurch and he slipped sideways. There was a sharp exclamation, then a pair of arms was thrown about him.

"Heavens! he almost fell from the bowsprit that time!" gasped Crane.

The bowsprit!

The truth flashed over Clif with a suddenness that almost took his breath. They were taking him out to the end of the bowsprit, the great spar which stretches from the prow of the ship.

"What can they mean to do with me?" muttered the mystified lad. "I'd give a great deal to——"

Just then a sudden raking against a bolt caused the canvas to slip from over his eyes. One glance was enough to prove that his suspicions were not unfounded. He was on the bowsprit, and midway to the end.

A full moon had risen, flooding the ocean with a mellow light. Its pathway across the sparkling, ebony-hued waters seemed like a veritable marine milky way.

The sea was roughened by a stiff breeze from off the quarter, and the stanch old Mononaghela tripped and bowed and curt-sied like a graceful dancer in a minuet.

Overhead rose pile upon pile of snowy canvas as taut and motionless as if carved in marble. It was a beautiful night, and a scene fit for the brush of an artist, but it by no means appealed to Clif.

He was too interested in trying to solve the problem of his captors' next move. He did not have long to wait.

Crane bent over him and drew the canvas tightly about his mouth, then he felt himself being cautiously lowered head-first from the bowsprit.

Clif thought at first that they intended to frighten him, and he set his teeth with a determined snap.

"They'll not get a word from me," he muttered. "I'll show the cowards that I can stand anything they try."

Down, down he went. Lower and still lower. A roll of the ship brought him sharply against the end of the dolphin striker, a point midway between the bowsprit and the water, and still those above continued to pay out the rope.

Suddenly, a moment later, his downward course came to an end with a jerk. He felt a hand fumbling about his ankles and realized that he was being tied to the extreme end of the dolphin striker.

Then while he was debating this unexpected move in his mind he felt the bow of the practice ship rise upward on the crest of a great wave.

"Look out, Crane, she's going to pitch," called out a voice. "Come up here; he's hard and——"

The words ended in a splashing and roaring as the downward swoop of the bow sent the unfortunate plebe head and shoulders under the surface.

When he again emerged, dripping and half strangled, he heard a low laugh above, followed by a jeering remark.

"Clif Faraday will have the freshness salted out of him down there," chuckled Crane.

Then came another swoop of the bow, and another choking battle with the foam-crested waves. On regaining the air once more, Clif looked upward.

It was a difficult task to see with the salty water streaming face, but he made

out that his tormentors had disappeared.

Was it possible they had abandoned him to such a horrible fate? No, it could not be. Crane was vindictive and cruel, but even his malignant nature would not go to such an extreme. And there were others in the hazing party. They surely——

Another plunge, deeper than even before, cut short Clif's conjectures. His head was fairly bursting when the upward lift of the hull carried him to the surface again.

Above the roaring in his ears he heard a faint rattling of blocks and the sharp grinding of metal rings along the foretopmast stay.

The watch was trimming the forward sails, and their approach had frightened away the hazers!

There was no hesitation now on Clif's part. A cry for help came from his lips—a strangling, agonized cry that set the cadets and sailors on the forecastle agape with alarm and surprise.

"What was that?" shouted the officer in charge, leaping to the side.

He peered down into the shimmering waters, but could see no sign of a cast-away or a wrecked boat.

"It was a gull," murmured one of the cadets, vaguely.

"No gull made that, sir," said an old sailor, with an uneasy shake of his grizzled head. "It's spirits, sir. I have heard in my time——"

He was brought to an abrupt end by a recurrence of the cry, this time so faint that it seemed far in the distance.

"It's over there, somewhere," exclaimed the officer, pointing ahead.

He sprang upon the heel of the bowsprit and glanced in the direction he had indicated. The tumbling waters gave no sign of life, but something almost directly beneath him did.

His eyes, attracted by a gleam of white, caught sight of an object dangling from the end of the dolphin striker.

One amazed stare, then, with a shout, the ensign ran out upon the bowsprit. Turning as he gained the middle, he bawled:

"Quick! help here! There's some one hanging from the striker!"

Willing hands gave him every assist-

ance necessary, and soon the white object, streaming with water, was laid upon the fore-castle deck.

The commotion had attracted attention, and it was not long before the executive officer, awakened for the second time that night, had joined the group.

"What's the matter, Mr. Davis?" he demanded, briefly, of the ensign.

"A hazing affair, sir. We found Mr. Faraday dangling from the end of the dolphin striker. He looks as if he is dead."

The confusion caused by this last sentence was checked by the hurried arrival of the surgeon. As he rose up from a brief examination many grave and anxious faces were turned to him.

"Well, doctor?" asked the first lieutenant in a voice that trembled slightly.

"He is alive, sir," was the curt reply. "But that is all I can say. Prompt attention may save him, and then again——"

He ended with a significant gesture. Huddled together in the circle surrounding the prostrate lad were four white-faced cadets.

As the surgeon's fatal words came to them they turned with one accord and slipped guiltily into the darkness.

"In three days you will be out, Clif."

"Three fiddlesticks! Why, I am as fit now as I can ever be. Just watch me."

And Clif sprang from his cot in the sick bay of the Monongahela and danced a jig before the delighted eyes of Joy, Trolley and Nanny, who had come to pay him a visit of condolence.

It was late in the afternoon of the day following his hazing. The skilful treatment of the ship's surgeon had speedily brought him around, but the effect of the

shock was such that the doctor had advised a rest of at least three days.

"He might as well say three years," added the handsome plebe as he sat upon the edge of the cot. "Why, there's nothing the matter with me except"—here he suddenly became grave—"except that my feelings are hurt."

He concluded with a sigh, and his three companions exchanged glances.

"Mad because they hazed you?" ventured Nanny, sympathetically.

Clif nodded gloomily.

"You are better off than old Crane, by Jake!" said Joy. "The skipper gave him thirty demerits for the Jocko affair, and it brings Crane within ten of the limit. By Jake! you ought to see him. He's growing thin watching himself."

"What you do to him when you well, Clif?" asked Trolley. "Beat him noses off?"

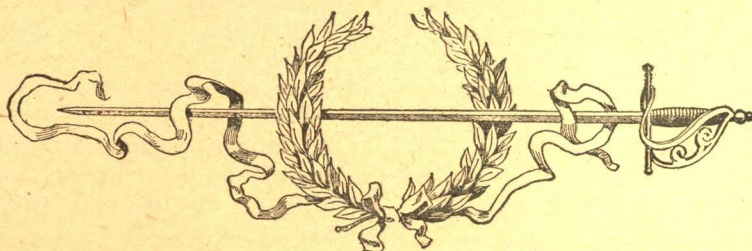
"No. I'll not touch him," replied Faraday, decidedly. "He hazed me fairly and I've noted it down as a failure on my part. But I guess we'll square accounts before long. It's a long cry to graduation."

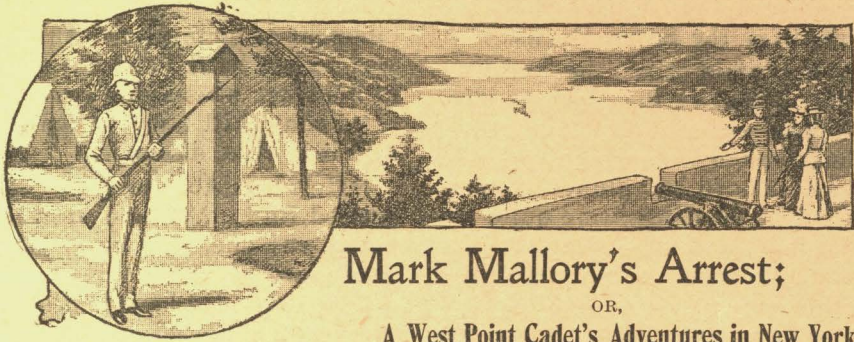
"The old man says he'll not permit another hazing affray aboard this ship," put in Nanny.

"That's all right. There are other places, youngster. We'll be in the United States in a few days. We touch at New London, and I guess there will be liberty parties going ashore. If so, you can look out for fun. Here comes the doctor Scoot!"

[THE END.]

In the next number (30) of *Army and Navy* will be published as the complete naval cadet story "Clif Faraday's Disguise; or, Facing Desperate Foes," by Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.





Mark Mallory's Arrest;

OR,

A West Point Cadet's Adventures in New York.

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

KIDNAPPING THE PLEBE.

"Ssh! Don't make a sound now."

"Is he in there?"

"Yes, and he's asleep, too. Ready there?"

It was in Camp McPherson, the summer home of the West Point cadets. About eleven o'clock one August evening. There was a bright moon in the sky. The moon saw a scene that was by this time quite familiar as it peered down on the snowy tents.

The camp is silent and sleepy at night as a general thing, with no one moving but the restless sentries. But nowadays it was becoming quite a common thing for cadets to be up and prowling about, whispering together as they were this evening. For instance, the one A Company tent into which the speakers were peering had been visited in that same way no less than three times in the last week or two.

That A Company tent was the home of the B. J. est plebes in all West Point, which accounts for the state of affairs. "B. J." is the West Point dialect for fresh, and if there is anything on earth an old cadet likes to haze and torment, it is a B. J. plebe.

A plebe in West Point is a fourth-class cadet, admitted in June, and during the summer housed in camp to learn to drill and walk straight. He is a stranger, and naturally timid, an object to be bullied and bossed, supposed to run if you look at him. The source of infinite amusement to the haughty yearling, who has ceased to be a plebe several months ago.

As to the particular plebe who was sleeping in that aforementioned tent, he was different. To be brief, he had come to West Point with an idea in his head that he had as much right to be respected as any one and that those who wouldn't respect him he'd lick until they did. Such a plebe was of course intolerable. The cadets had set out forthwith to subdue him, and they were still at it. It was now August, and Mark Mallory wasn't subdued a little bit.

Outside of the tent where he was now sleeping, so unconscious of all danger, were huddled a group of some eight or nine whispering cadets, yearlings all of them. They were on the point of kidnapping Mallory, for purposes unknown. It was a first-rate opportunity, for the camp was sound asleep.

"Don't let him move, now," whispered one. "Hold him tight, for he'll fight like fury."

"And take that wild hyena they call Texas along, too," added another. "It was he who broke up all our fun the other night."

"He won't get a chance to use his guns this time," snarled the first speaker. "And we've got enough of a crowd to handle any of the others if they wake up. Ready, now!"

This conversation was held in a low tone off to one side. Then having agreed just what each was to do, the crowd scattered and stole silently up to the tent. There were four cadets sleeping in it, all plebes, members of what the irate yearlings called Mallory's gang, a secret society known to themselves as the Seven Devils.

For this B. J. Mallory had not only resisted hazing himself, but had gotten a number of friends to help him; "B. B. J." was the motto of the Seven Devils.

It was important that the yearlings should not awaken the others; they placed themselves stealthily about the two victims, waited an instant, and then at the signal stooped and pinned them to the earth. The yearlings were quite expert at that now, and the two never even got a chance to gasp. They were lifted up and run quickly away, held so tight that they couldn't even kick. It was easy when there were three or four to one plebe.

The plan worked perfectly, and it seemed as if no one had discovered it. Neither of the other two sleepers had moved. Over in the next tent, however, some one was awakened by the noise, a plebe of company B, another member of the immortal Seven. He sprang to his tent door, and an instant later found himself powerless in the grip of two yearlings who had stayed behind to watch out for just that accident. Evidently this attack was better planned than the last one.

Master Chauncey Van Ranselaer Mount Bonsall of Fifth Avenue, New York, aristocrat and lord high chief dude to the Seven Devils, was the unfortunate third prisoner. He felt himself rushed over the beat of the purposely negligent sentry and hurried into the confines of the solitary old Fort Clinton, where he was bound and gagged with celerity and precision and unceremoniously tumbled to the ground by the side of Mark and Jeremiah Powers, the wild ex-cowboy.

Everything was ready for the hazing then.

The eight who had participated in that kidnapping, speedily resolved themselves into two groups of four each. The members of one group we do not know, but the other four were our old friends, the bloodthirsty Bull Harris and his three cronies Gus Murray, Merry Vance and the Baby Edwards. They had stepped to one side to talk over the fate of their unfortunate prisoners.

"By Heaven!" cried Bull, clinching his fists in anger. "Fellows, we've got him at last! Do you realize it, he's ours to do with as we please. And if I don't

make him sorry he ever lived this night, I hope I may die on the spot."

Bull was striding up and down in excitement as he muttered this. And there was no less hatred and malice in the eyes of his three whispering companions.

"I could kill him!" cried Gus; and he said it as if he meant it.

"He's been the torment of my life," snarled Bull. "I hate him as I never hated any one, and every time I try to get square on him, somehow everything goes wrong. I'd have had him fired from this place in a week if it hadn't been for his confounded luck. But I'll make up for it this night. I'll lick him till he can't stand up!"

"And I'll help!" chimed in Baby, the small boy of the gang. "When I think of how he served us last night I hate him so I could do anything."

"I haven't gotten over it yet," snarled Bull. "Just think of being penned up in a black cave with a lot of skeletons. Confound him! But he won't get away this time as he did last night."

This interesting and charitable dialogue was cut short just then by one of the other four.

"What are you fellows going to do?" he cried.

"We'll be there in a moment!" whispered Bull. "Don't talk so loud. Say, fellows (this to his own crowd) I say we take Mallory off by ourselves. Those other fellows won't stand half we want to do to him."

"That's so," assented the dyspeptic Vance. "What in thunder did we let them come for?"

"We couldn't have handled Mallory and Texas alone," replied Bull, sourly. "And we had to take Texas, else he'd have waked up and followed us sure. But I guess it'll be all right. Come ahead."

The four walked over and joined the rest of the yearlings then.

"We've decided what we'll do," said Bull. "We won't need you fellows any more. We're very much obliged to you for helping us."

"The deuce!" growled one of them. "I want to stay and see the fun."

"But there's more danger with so many away," said Bull, persuasively.

"I'll stand my share," laughed the

other. "I want to stay. I've a grudge against that plebe Mallory myself."

Bull bit his lip in vexation.

"The fact is, fellows," he said, "we want to take these plebes to a place we don't know anything about."

"Why didn't you tell us that before you asked us?" growled the four. "I'm going to stay, I don't care what you say."

The fact of the matter was that the lory and started to beat him into sub-

mission, seize a lash and leap at the helpless victim in a perfect frenzy of hatred. And who had not heard him all that day wrathfully telling the story of how Mallory and his gang, in an effort to cure him of his meanness, had frightened him almost to tears? Truly, thought the four, Bull's hazing was a thing to be supervised.

So they stayed, and finally Bull had to accept the situation.



"STOP! STOP!" CRIED THE POLICEMAN. "YIELD TO THE MAJESTY OF THE LA-AW!" (page 1367)

four yearlings were just a little chary about leaving their prisoner in Bull's hands, though they did not care to say so. They knew Bull Harris' character; he was a low-minded, vindictive fellow, unpopular even among his own classmates. His hatred of Mallory was well known. Who had not seen Bull, one night when the yearling class took Mal-

"Come on," he growled, surlily.

The crowd lifted their helpless victims from the ground and set out to follow Bull's guidance. They had no idea where they were going, and in fact Bull had none himself. He could think of no form of torture that was quite cruel enough for that hated Mallory, and he did not have the brains to think of one that was as

ingenious and harmless as Mallory had worked on him.

"I'd tie him up and beat the hide off him," thought Bull, "if I could only get rid of those confounded fellows that are with us. As it is, I'll have to find something else, plague take it."

The crowd had been scrambling down the steep bank toward the river in the meanwhile. Bull thought it would be well to douse Mallory in the water, which was one of the tricks Mallory had tried on him. After that he said to himself it'll be time enough to think of something more. They skirted the parade ground and made their way down past the Riding Hall and across the railroad track near the tunnel.

"I'd like to drop him on the track," thought Bull to himself, as he heard the roar of a train approaching. "By Heaven, that would settle him!"

The crowd had barely crossed before the engine appeared at the tunnel's mouth, after it a long freight train slowly rumbling past them. And at that instant Gus Murray seized Bull convulsively by the arm.

"I've got a scheme!" he cried. "Do you hear me, a scheme."

"What is it?" shouted Bull, above the noise of the train.

"It's a beauty," gasped Murray. "By George, we'll get 'em fired. They'll go nobody knows where, and be missed in the morning. And we can swear we didn't do it. Hooray! We'll put 'em on the train!"

Bull staggered back and cried out with excitement.

"That's it!" he muttered, and an instant later, before the horrified four could comprehend his purpose he and Edwards had torn the helpless body of Mallory from their arms and made a rush at a passing car. It was an empty car, and the door was half open; to fling the plebe in was the work of but an instant; then with Murray and Vance he quickly slid the other two in also. Half a minute later the train was gone.

The four outsiders turned and stared at Bull's gang in horror.

"What on earth have you done?" they gasped.

And Bull chuckled to himself.

"I've sent those infernal plebes to New York," he said. "By Jingo, I'd like to send them to Hades. If they aren't fired as it is it'll be because you kids give us away. And now let's go back to bed."

CHAPTER II.

MARK MALLORY COMES TO TOWN.

Mr. Timothy O'Flaherty was a tramp. That was the plain unvarnished statement of the case. Mr. O'Flaherty would have called himself a knight of the road, and a comic editor would have called him 'Tired Tim'; but to everybody else he was a plain tramp.

Mr. O'Flaherty was very, very tired, having walked nearly twenty miles that day without getting even so much as a square meal. One whole pie was the sum total of his daily bread and that was so bad that he had fed it to the bull dog for revenge and walked on. He was walking still, at present on the tracks of the West Shore Railroad some thirty miles north of New York.

From what has been said of Mr. O'Flaherty you may suppose that his heart leaped with joy when along came a rumbling night freight. That train was nothing but a godsend to Timothy. He watched it crawl past with a professional and critical eye; there was a platform he might ride on, but he was liable to be seen there. If only he could find an open car—holy smoke! there was one. With this classic exclamation he made a leap at the door, swung himself aboard with as much grace as if he had lived all his life on Broadway, and then crawled into the car.

We said that Mr. O'Flaherty said holy smoke a moment ago—what he said a moment later we shall not print. There was some one else in that car!

"Another tramp," thought the new-comer, and so to awaken him he gave him a friendly prod with his toe.

"Hello!" said he; but there was no answer.

"Drunk," was the next conjecture, but then he heard a low sound that was very much like a groan.

That scared Timothy, and he seized the figure and jerked it to the light of the moon that shone in through the door.

"Be the saints!" he muttered in alarm, "It's a sojer, an' he's all tied up."

"Um—um—um!" groaned the figure in a "nasal" tone.

It was Chauncey whom the tramp had found; Chauncey had slipped into his plebe trousers before he ran to the tent door, which accounted for the man's exclamation, a "sojer." If he had found Mark or Texas he would have exclaimed still more, for the latter two were clad in their underclothing.

Mr. O'Flaherty was a man of quick action; he saw that he couldn't gratify his curiosity about that strange traveller unless he cut him loose; so he did it.

And then said he, "What the divil?"

Chauncey's first act to celebrate his liberty was a stretch and a yawn; his second was to seize the knife and rush to the back of the car, with the result that two more persons appeared in the moonlight a few minutes later.

Of Mr. Timothy O'Flaherty they did not take the least bit of notice; they appeared to have something else of much more importance to talk about just then. And Timothy sat in the shadow and stared at them with open mouth.

"Well, this is a scrape," muttered one of them, gazing at his own scantily clad figure and at the landscape rushing by.

"What kin we do?" cried a second. "Durnation take them dog gone old yearlin's!"

"Bah Jove!" cried the third. "This is deucedly embarrassing. I cawn't go out on the street, don't cher know, dressed in this outlandish fashion!"

"And we can't get a train back," cried the first.

"An' durnation, we got no money!" said the second.

"Bah Jove!" added the third, the one Timothy recognized as "Trousers" because he was the only one who had them. "Reveille'll sound, don't cher know, and we won't be there."

This entertaining conversation was kept up for some fifteen minutes more. All Mr. O'Flaherty managed to make out was that they had been sent away from some where and they hadn't the least idea how to get back. Presently one of them—Trousers—discovered that he did have some money, plenty of it, whereupon

Timothy's mouth began to water. That cleared the situation in his eyes, but it didn't seem to in theirs. They were afraid of being late and getting caught by some wild animal called reveille; moreover, they couldn't take a train because they had no clothes. Here Timothy thought he'd better step in.

"Hey, Trousers!" said he.

The dude thus designated didn't recognize himself, so Timothy edged up and poked him to make him look.

"Hey, Trousers!" said he. "I kin git you ducks some togs."

To make a long story short the ducks "tumbled" to that proposition in a hurry. Even Trousers, the aristocrat, condescended to sit down and discuss ways and means with that very sociable tramp. To make the story still shorter Timothy propounded a plan and found it agreeable; "jumped" the car when it was finally switched off at Hoboken; and set out with ten dollars of the stranger's money, to buy second-hand clothing at one o'clock in the morning.

"You be sure to come back," said Mark. "Because we'll make it fifteen if you do."

That settled whatever idea of "taking a sneak" was lurking in the messenger's mind. He vowed to return, "sure as me name is Timothy O'Flaherty," which, as we know, it was. And he came too. He flung a pile of duds into the car and went off whistling with the promised reward of virtue in his pocket. It was a "bully graft" for him anyhow, and he promised himself a regular roaring good time. That is the last we shall see of Timothy.

As to the three plebes their joy was equally as great. They felt that this hazing was the supreme effort of the desperate Bull Harris, and it had failed. Now that they were safe they could contemplate the delight of turning up smiling at reveille to the consternation of "the enemy." Truly this involuntary journey had panned out to be a very pleasant affair indeed.

Mark's first thought was as to a return train. They rushed off to the depot to find out, where they discovered a ticket agent who gazed doubtfully at their soiled and ragged clothing. The three realized then for the first time that their benefac-

tor had kept a good deal of that ten dollars for himself and poor Chauncey, to whom a wilted collar was agony, fairly groaned as he gazed at himself. However, they found that there was a train in ten minutes; and another at 3:30—due at West Point at 4:38. That was the essential thing, and the three wandered out to the street again.

"We mustn't go far, don't cher know," observed Chauncey. "We don't want to miss that train."

Chauncey's was not a very daring or original mind. There was an idea floating through Mark's head just then that never occurred to Chauncey; it would have knocked him over if it had.

"When we went up there to West Point," began Mark, suddenly, "we expected to stay there two years without ever once venturing off the post."

"Yes," said Chauncey. "Bah Jove, we did."

"—And here we are way down at Hoboken, opposite New York."

"Yes," assented Chauncey again.

"It feels good to be loose, don't it," observed Mark.

And still Chauncey didn't "tumble;" Texas' eyes were beginning to dance however.

"It's awfully stupid back there on the reservation, not half as lively as New York."

Still Chauncey only said "Yes."

"Rather kind of the yearlings to give us a holiday, wasn't it," observed Mark.

Another "Yes," and then seeing that his efforts were of no use Mark came out with his proposition.

"Stupid!" he laughed. "Don't you see what I mean? I'm not going back on that first train."

"Not going back on that train!" gasped Chauncey. "Bah Jove! then what—"

His horrified inquiries were interrupted by a wild whoop from the delighted Texas. Texas was beginning to wriggle his fingers, which meant that Texas was excited. And suddenly he sprang forward and started down the street, seizing his expostulating companion under the arm and dragging him ahead as if he had been a child.

Some ten minutes later those three

members of the Seven Devils—B. B. J.—were on a Christopher street ferry boat bound for New York and bent upon having some "fun." When the Seven Devils set out for fun they usually got it; they had all they could carry in this case.

It was with a truly delicious sense of freedom that they strolled about the deck of that lumbering boat. Only one who has been to West Point can appreciate it. Day after day on that army reservation, with a penalty of dismissal for leaving it, grows wofully monotonous even to the very busy plebe. Zest was added to their venture by the fact that they knew they were breaking rules and might be found out any moment.

"Still if we are," laughed Mark, "we can lay the blame on Bull. And now for the fun."

They half expected the fun would come rushing out to welcome them the moment they got out into the light of the street. They expected a fire or a murder at the very least. And felt really hurt because they met only a sleepy hack driver talking to a sleepy policeman. And an empty street car and a few slouchy looking fellows like themselves lounging about a saloon. However it was exciting to be in New York anyway; what more could the three B. J. plebes want?

They strolled across Christopher street, gazing curiously. Mark had never been in New York before and Chauncey was worried because he couldn't see a better part of it, for instance, "my cousin Mr. Pierrepont Morgan's mansion on Fifth Avenue, don't cher know." He even offered to take Mark up there, until he chanced to glance at his clothing. Then he shivered. Truly the three were a sight; Chauncey's shapely plebe trousers were hidden in a huge green threadbare overcoat, (August)! Mark could not help laughing whenever he gazed at the youthful aristocrat.

"Never mind," he laughed. "Cheer up, nobody'll try to rob us, which is one comfort."

"I wish we would get robbed," growled Texas. "Whar's that aire fun we came fo'?"

That began to be a pressing question. They wandered about for at least half an hour and the clocks showed two, and still

nothing had happened. The city seemed to be provokingly orderly that night.

"Durnation!" exclaimed Texas. "I reckon we got to make some fun ourselves. I'd like a chance to git good an' roarin' drunk jes' once. I bet I'd show this yere town some sport."

When a person is really looking for excitement, it takes very little to have him imagine some. The three had just been discussing the possibility of robbery down in this "tough" quarter when suddenly Mark seized the other two by the arm.

"Look, look!" he cried.

The others turned; and straightway over the whole three of them flashed the conviction that at last their hour had come. There was a burglar!

The three started in surprise, and a moment later they slid silently into the shadow of an awning to watch with palpitating hearts.

There was only one burglar. That is, he had no confederates, at least not visible. But his own actions were desperate enough for two. In the first place he crept softly up the steps of the house, stooping and crouching as he did so. He tried the door softly, shook it; and then finding it resisted his purpose he stole down again, glancing about him nervously.

He went down into the area, where it was dark; the three, trembling by this time, peered forward to watch him. They saw him try the window and to their horror saw it go softly up. The next moment the man deliberately sat down and removed his shoes. The plebes could see them in his hands as he arose again and with the stealthiness of a cat slid quickly in.

The three hesitated not a moment but rose up and crept silently and swiftly across the street. Mark stole down into the area, his heart breathing high. He peered in and a moment later beckoned the others. They came; they saw the burglar in the act of striking a light and creeping up the basement stairs. In an instant more he was gone.

"What shall we do?" whispered the three. "What?"

Mark answered by an act. There was only one thing he could do; he stooped and crept in at the window. The three

followed him immediately and their forms were lost in the darkness of that imperilled house.

CHAPTER III.

BURGLARS AND BURGLAR HUNTING.

It is an uncanny business wandering about a dark house at night; it is especially so if it be a strange house and if one knows for certain that there is a desperate burglar creeping about somewhere in it. Many a man has shrunk from that task; but the three devils had been bemoaning a lack of excitement, and now here it was. So they had no right to complain.

Mark waited a moment for the others to join him and then side by side they stood and peered into the darkness. From what they had seen of the room when the man struck a match it was a dining-room with a flight of stairs running up from it. Up those stairs the man had gone; and a few moments later the three cadets were standing hesitatingly at the foot of them.

"He may have a gun," whispered Chauncey.

Texas reached around to his hip-pocket instinctively at that; he groaned when he realized his defenseless condition.

"That's the worst o' these yere durnation ole Eastern ways," he muttered. "Ef a feller had bought these yere pants in Texas more'n likely he'd 'a' found some few guns in 'em."

Texas had but a few moments more to growl however, for Mark stepped forward, suddenly and started up the steps.

"Come on," he said. "Let's have it over with. He can't shoot all of us at once."

Slowly they crept up the stairs, pausing at every step to listen. They reached the top and peering around found a dimly lit hall without a sign of life about it.

"Perhaps he's in one o' them aire rooms," whispered Texas. "I——"

"Ssh!" muttered Mark.

His exclamation was caused by a slight noise on the floor above, a faint tread.

"He's upon the next floor!" gasped the three. "Shall we——"

They did; Mark led the way and with still more trembling caution they stole on, crouching in the shadow of the banisters, trying to stifle the very beatings of their hearts and breathing fast with excitement.

Up, up. There were twenty one stairs to that flight; Mark knew that because they stopped a long while on each listening for another clue to the burglars' whereabouts, and trembling as they imagined him peering over at them.

Not a sign of him did they see or hear, however, until they reached the level of the floor, where they could lean forward and look around the balustrade. First they heard a sound of heavy breathing, as from a sleeper. That was in the rear room, and Mark, peering in, saw the person clearly.

There was a faint light in the room, a light from a dimly burning gas jet. The room was apparently deserted except for the sleeper. It was a woman, for Mark could see her hair upon the pillow. But where was the burglar?

The answer came with startling suddenness, suddenness that precipitated a calamity. The room next to the rear one was dark and silent until, without a moment's warning, all at once a light flashed out. And there was the burglar. The reckless villain had lit the gas, so sure was he of his safety. And he was standing now in the middle of the floor, stealthily taking off his coat before starting to work.

Naturally that sudden flash of light startled the three; it startled them so much that Chauncey leaped back with a gasp of alarm; and a moment later, his heel catching in the end of his huge green overcoat, he tripped and staggered, clutched wildly at nothing, and with a shriek of alarm tumbled backward, rolling over and over with a series of crashes that made the building shake. And then there was fun.

In the first place, as to the burglar; he started back in horror, realizing his discovery; in the second place, as to the woman; she sat up in bed with the celerity of a jack-in-the-box, and an instant later gave vent to a series of screams that woke the neighborhood.

"Help! Help! Burglars! Murder! Thieves! Fire! Help!"

In the third place, as to the cadets. Their first thought was of Chauncey, and they turned and bounded down the steps to the bottom. They found him "rattled" but unhurt, and they picked him up and set him on his feet. Their second thought was of the burglar, that ruthless villain who perhaps even now was making his escape by a window. The thought made them jump.

"Forward!" shouted Mark.

And to a man they sprang up the stairs, two or three steps at a time, shouting "Burglars!" as they went. They reached the top and bounded into the room, where they found the man in the very act of rushing out of the door. Mark sprang at him, seized him by the throat and bore him to the ground. And the two others plunged upon the pile.

"Hold him! Hold him! Help! Help!" was the cry.

Meanwhile the woman had risen from the bed, very naturally, and was now rushing about the hall in typical angelic costume, occasionally poking her head out of the windows and shrieking for burglars and help, using a voice that had a very strong Irish brogue.

In response to her stentorian tones help was not slow in arriving. A crash upon the door was heard; the door gave way, and up the stairs rushed two men.

"Help us hold him!" roared Texas, who was at this moment trying his level best to push the criminal's nose through the carpet. "Help us to hold him!"

But to his infinite surprise the two newcomers made a savage rush on him, and in an instant more the true state of affairs flashed over Texas.

"They're friends of the burglar!" he cried. "Whoop! Durnation! Come on, thar!"

The two were not slow to accept his invitation. They added their bodies to the already complicated heap of arms and legs that were writhing about on the floor, and after that the melee was even livelier than ever. Even the woman took a hand; her Irish blood would not let her stay out of the battle long, and she pitched in with a broom, whacking everything promiscuously.

What would have been the end of all this riot I do not pretend to say; I only know that Mark was devoting himself persistently to the task of holding the burglar underneath him, in spite of all manner of punches and kicks, and that Texas was dashing back and forth across the room, ploughing his way recklessly through every human being he saw when the "scrap" was brought to an untimely end by the arrival of one more person.

This latter was a policeman, a policeman of the fat and unwieldy type found only in New York. He had plunged up the stairs, club in hand, and now stood red and panting, menacing the crowd.

"Stop! stop!" he cried. "Yield to the majesty of the la-aw."

Every one was glad to do that, as it appeared; the battling ceased abruptly and all parties concerned rose up and glared at each other in the dim light.

"What's the meaning of this?" cried "the cop."

If he had realized the terrible consequence of that question he would never have asked it. For each and every person concerned sprang forward to answer it.

"There's the burglar!" cried Mark, pointing excitedly at the original cause of all the trouble, who was wiping his fevered brow with diligence. "There's the burglar! Arrest him!"

"Yes, yes!" roared Texas. "Durnation! Grab him! I'll tell you how it was——"

"Howly saints!" shrieked the woman, "don't let them get away! They've broken me head, in faith! An' look at me poor husband's oi!"

"Me a burglar!" roared the person thus alluded to by Mark, shaking one fist at Mark and the other at the officer. "So it's a burglar they call me, is it! So that's their trick, bejabbers! An' a foine state of affairs it is when a man can't come into his own house without being called a burglar, bad cess to it. Bridget, git me that flat iron there an' soak the spalpeen! Be the saints!"

During that tirade of incoherent Irish the three cadets had suddenly collapsed. The situation had flashed over them in all its horror and awfulness. The "burglar" lived in the house! The woman

was his wife! And they were the burglars! Ye gods!

The three gazed at each other in consternation and sprang back instinctively. The policeman took that for a move to escape and he whipped out his revolver with a suddenness that made Texas' mouth water.

"Stop!" he cried.

His command received even more emphasis from the fact that another policeman rushed up the stairs at that moment. The three stopped.

"See here, officer," said Mark, as calmly as he could. "This is all a mistake. We aren't burglars; we are perfectly respectable young men——"

"You look like it," put in the other, incredulously.

Mark's heart sank within him at that. He glanced at his two companions and realized how hopeless was their case. New rags and tatters had been added by the battle. Dishevelled hair, and dirt and blood-stained faces made them about as disreputable specimens as could be found in New York. Respectable young men! Pooh!

"I could explain it," groaned Mark. "We thought this man was a burglar and we followed him in. We aren't tramps if we do look it. We are——"

And then he stopped abruptly; to tell that they were cadets would be their ruination any way.

"You're a lot of dom thaves an' robbers! Sure an' thot's what yez are!" shouted the irate "burglar," filling in the sentence and at the same time making a rush at Mark.

"Come," said the policeman, stopping him. "Enough of this. You fellows can tell your yarn to the judge to-morrow morning."

Mark gasped as he realized the full import of that sentence. It was two o'clock and their train left in an hour or two—their last chance! And they could tell their story to the judge in the morning!

The policeman jerked a pair of handcuffs from his pockets and stepped up to Mark. The latter saw that resistance was hopeless and though it was torture to him he held out his wrists and said nothing. Texas, having no gun, could do nothing

less. Chancey was the only one who "kicked," and he kicked like a steer.

"Bah Jove!" he cried. "This is an insult, a deuced insult! I won't stand it, don't cher know! Stop, I say. I won't go, bah Jove! I'll send for my father and have every man on the blasted police force fired! I——"

The snap of the handcuffs and the feeling of the cold steel subdued Chauncey and he subsided into growls. The officer took him by the arm, saying something as he did so about an "English crook." And then the three filed down stairs, the indignant and much bruised Irishman following and enlivening the proceedings with healthy anathemas.

That walk to the station house the three will never forget as long as they live, it was so unspeakably degrading; it was only a short way, just around the corner, but it was bad enough. Idlers and loafers fell in behind to jeer at them, scarcely giving them chance to reflect upon the desperately horrible situation they were in.

Mark was glad when at last the door of the station house shut upon them to hide them from curious eyes. There was almost no one in here to stare at them, but a sleepy sergeant at the desk; he looked up with interest when they entered, and were marched up before him.

"What's this?" he inquired.

"Burglars," said one of the officers, briefly.

Chauncey's wrath had been pent up for some ten minutes then, and at that word it boiled over again.

"I'm no burglar!" he roared. "I tell you, you fools, I'm no burglar! Bah Jove, this is an outrage."

"Faith an' yez are a burglar!" shouted the Irishman, likewise indignant. "An' faith, Mr. Sergeant, the devils broke into me house and near broke me head, too, bad cess to 'em. An' thot, too, whin Oi'd been to the club an' were a-thryin' to git to sleep without wakin' me wife. An' faith she'll be after me wid a shtick, thot she will, to-morrer!"

"We aren't burglars, I say!" protested Chauncey. "We thought he was a burglar. We're cade——"

Here Mark gave him a nudge that nearly knocked him over; he looked up

and caught sight of a spruce young man with pencil and note book working diligently. It was a reporter and Chauncey took the hint and shut up.

"Name?" inquired the sergeant, seeing him quiet at last.

"My name, bah Jove?" exclaimed the other. "Chauncey Van Ren——"

Again Mark gave him a poke.

"Peter Smith," said Chauncey.

"And yours?"

"John Jones," said Texas.

"And yours?"

Mark glanced at the others with one last dying trace of a smile.

"Timothy O'Flaherty," said he. "You understand," he added, to ease his conscience, "they're all fictitious, of course."

The sergeant nodded as he wrote the names.

"We'll find the right ones in the Rogue's Gallery," he remarked sarcastically.

That fired Chauncey again, and he went off into another tirade of abuse and indignation, which was finally closed by the officers offering to "soak him" if he didn't shut up. Then they were led off to a cell—number 7, curiously enough. And as the door shut with a clang the three gasped and realized that it was the death knell of all their earthly hopes.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAUNCEY HAS AN IDEA.

Three more utterly discouraged and disgusted plebes than our friends would be hard to manufacture. They had had their fun, and like a great many other people on the proverbial next morning, they wished they hadn't. There wasn't a ray of hope, any more than a ray of light to illumine that dark cell. There was only one possibility to be considered, apparently—they would be hauled up in police court the next morning and required to give an account of themselves. If they gave it, said they were cadets, it would be good-by West Point; for they had broken a dozen rules. If on the other hand they chose to remain Peter Smith, John Jones and Timothy O'Flaherty, young toughs, it would be something like "One thousand dollars bail," or else

"remanded without bail for trial"—and no West Point all the same!

The three had characteristic methods of showing their disgust. Texas had gone to sleep in a corner, seeing no use in worrying. Mark was sitting moodily on the floor, trying his best to think of something to do. And Chauncey was prancing up and down the cell about as indignant as ever was a "haughty aristocrat," vowing vengeance against everybody and everything in a blue uniform as sure as his name was Chaun—er, Peter Smith.

Mad and excited as Chauncey was, it was from him that the first gleam of hope came. And when Chauncey hit upon his idea he fairly kicked himself for his stupidity in not hitting on it before. A moment later his friends, and in fact the whole station house, were startled by his wild yells for "somebody" to come there.

An officer came in a hurry thinking of murder or what not.

"What the deuce do you want?" he cried.

"Bah Jove!" remarked our young friend, eyeing him with haughty scorn that made a hilarious contrast with his outlandish green August overcoat. "Bah Jove, don't be so peremptory, so rude, ye know!"

"W—why!" gasped the amazed policeman.

"I want to know, don't ye know," said Chauncey, "if I can send a telegram, bah Jove."

"Yes," growled the other. "That is, if you've any money."

Chauncey pulled out his "roll," which had been missed when they searched him, and tossed a five dollar bill carelessly to the man.

"Take that," said he. "Bah Jove, I don't want it, ye know. Come now, write what I tell you."

The man took the bill in a hurry and drew out a pencil and notebook, while Chauncey's two fellow prisoners stared anxiously. Chauncey dictated with studied scorn and indifference.

"Am—arrested," said he, "for—burglary—ye—know."

The policeman wrote the "ye know," obediently, though he gasped in amazement and muttered "lunatic."

"Under—name—of—Peter—Smith—

— Street—station. Come—instantly. Chauncey."

"Who shall I send it to?" inquired the "stenographer."

"Let me see," Chauncey mused. "Bah Jove, not to fawther, ye know. They'd see the name, ruin the family reputation. A deuced mess! Oh yes, bah Jove, I'll have all me uncles, ye know! Ready there? First, Mr. Perry Bellwood, — Fifth Avenue—"

"The deuce!" gasped the officer.

"Write what I say," commanded Chauncey, sternly; "and no comments! Second, Mr. W. K. Vanderpool, — Fifth Avenue. Third—bah Jove—Mr. W. C. Stickney, — Fifth Avenue. Fourth—"

"How many do you want?" expostulated the other.

"Silence!" roared the "dude." "Do as I say! I take no chances. Fourth, Mr. Bradley-Marvin, — Fifth Avenue. And that'll do, I guess, ye know. Run for your life, then, deuce take it, and I'll give you another five if they get here in a hawf hour, bah Jove."

There was probably no more amazed policeman on the metropolitan force than that one. But he hustled according to orders none the less. Certainly there was no more satisfied plebe in the whole Academy class than Mr. Chauncey Van Rensselaer Mount-Bonsall of New York. "It's all right now, bah Jove," said he. "They'll be here soon."

And with those words of comfort Chauncey subsided and was asleep from sheer exhaustion two minutes later. Though he slept, forgetful of the whole affair, there were a few others who did not sleep, messenger boys and millionaires especially.

The sergeant at the desk had had no one but one "drunk" to register during the next half hour, and so he was pretty nearly asleep himself. The doorman was slumbering peacefully in his chair, and two or three roundsmen and officers were sitting together in one corner whispering. That was the state of affairs in the — Street police station in the "Tenderloin," New York, when something happened all of a sudden that made everybody leap up with interest.

A carriage came slamming up the

street at race horse speed. Any one who has lain awake at night, or rather in the early hours of morning, when the city is as silent as a graveyard, has noticed the clatter made by a single wagon. An approaching tornado or earthquake could not have made much more of a rumpus than this one. The sergeant sat up in alarm and the doorman flung upon the door, and rushed out to see what was the matter.

They were soon to learn—the driver yanked up his galloping horses directly in front of the building. At the same instant the coach door was flung open with a bang. It was an elderly gentleman who hopped out, and he made a dash for the entrance, nearly bowling the doorman over in his haste.

Now it is not often that a "swell bloke" like that visits a station house at such hours. The sergeant gazed at him in alarm, expecting a burglary, a murder, or perhaps even a dynamite plot.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

The man dashed up to the desk, breathless from his unusual exertion.

"My boy!" he cried. "Where is he?"

"Your boy?" echoed the sergeant. "Where is he? What on earth?"

The sergeant thought he had a lunatic then.

"My boy!" reiterated the man excitedly. "Chauncey! He's a prisoner here!"

The officer shook his head with a puzzled look.

"I've got nobody named Chauncey," said he. "You've come to the wrong place."

The man happened to think of the telegram; he glanced at it.

"Oh, yes," he cried, suddenly. "I forgot. Peter Smith is the name he gave. You've a Peter Smith here!"

The sergeant gazed at the excited man in indescribable amazement.

"Peter Smith!" he stammered. "Why, yes. But he's a tramp. He's arrested for burglary, and——"

The strange gentleman was evidently angry at having been stirred out of bed so early in the morning. Moreover he was insulted at the outrageous idea of his nephew's being in a common prison-house as a burglar. Altogether he was

mad through, and didn't take the trouble to be cautious.

"Let him out this instant, I say," he demanded, indignantly. "How dare you——"

Now the sergeant was a pompous individual and he had no idea of being "bossed" like that by any one, whoever he might be, least of all in the presence of his men. Moreover, he was an Irishman, and this angry individual's superior way got him wild.

"Who the deuce are you?" he demanded, with more conciseness than courtesy.

"I'm Perry Bellwood," said the other with just as much asperity. "And what is more——"

"Who in thunder is Perry Bellwood?" roared the sergeant.

That took all the wind out of the elderly and aristocratic gentleman's sails.

"You don't know Perry Bellwood?" he gasped. "Perry Bellwood, the banker!"

"Never saw him," retorted the sergeant.

"And you won't release my nephew?"

"No, sir, I won't release your nephew!" roared the officer, hammering on his desk for emphasis. "I wouldn't release him for you or any other banker in New York, or the whole crowd of them together. Do you hear that? I'd like to know what you think a police sergeant is, anyhow. A nice state of affairs it would be if I had to set loose every burglar and murderer in prison because of some man who thinks he owns the earth because he is a banker."

The sergeant was red in the face from anger as he finished this pointed declaration. Mr. Bellwood was pacing up and down the room furiously. He turned upon the man suddenly when he finished.

"I'll bet you all I own," he said, "that you'll do as I say, and in an hour, too."

"And I'll bet you my job I don't," snapped the sergeant. "I'll see who's running this place——"

By that time the outraged banker had made a dash for his carriage. The outraged sergeant planked himself down on his chair and gazed about him indignantly.

"The very idea!" vowed he. "The very idea! That fellow talked to me as

if he were the mayor. I'd a good mind to lock him up. I wouldn't let those burglars loose now for all Fifth Avenue."

He was given a chance to prove that last assertion of his, a good deal more of a chance than he expected when he made it. He had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth, and the rattle of the carriage had not yet died away before another one dashed up to the door.

The sergeant thought it was the same fellow back, and he got up angrily. The door was flung open and in dashed another man, even more aristocratic in bearing than the other.

"My name is Mr. Stickney," said he, gravely, "and I've come——"

"I suppose you want to raise a rumpus about that confounded Chauncey, too!" cried the sergeant, getting red to the ends of his whiskers.

"W-why! What's this?" gasped the astonished millionaire.

"And I suppose you want me to let him go, don't you?"

"W-why!" gasped the astonished millionaire again. "What——"

"Well, if you do you might as well understand that I don't mean to do it. And you needn't be wasting any breath about it either. I've stood about all of this I mean to stand from anybody. I don't set my prisoners loose for the devil himself, and I won't for you. Now then!"

It would be difficult to describe the look of amazement that was on the dignified Mr. Stickney's face. He stared, and then he started again.

"Why, officer!" said he. "I'm sure——"

"So'm I!" vowed the sergeant. "Dead sure! And all your talk won't change the fact, either, that Peter Smith, or Chauncey, or whoever he is, stays where he is till morning. And the sooner you realize it the better."

The millionaire stared yet half a minute more, and then he whirled about on his heel and strode out, without another word.

"I'll see about this," said he.

The sergeant did not return to his seat; he was too mad. He pranced up and down the room like a wild man, vowing

vengeance on all the dudes and bankers in existence.

"I wonder if any more of them are coming," exclaimed he. "By jingo, I just wish they would. I'm just in the humor—gee whiz!"

It was another! Yet older and more sedate than either of the others he marched in and gazed haughtily about him.

"I've a nephew——" he began; and there he stopped.

"Oh!" said the sergeant. "You have! Get out!"

"Why—er——"

"Get out!"

"What in——"

"Do you hear me? Get out of here, I say! Not a word, or I'll have you—ah! I wonder if there'll be any more of 'em."

This last was a chuckle of satisfaction as millionaire No. 3 fled precipitately. The sergeant rubbed his hands gleefully. This sport bid fair to last all night, he realized to his great satisfaction as he faced about and waited.

He was waiting for number 4 to show up. He was getting madder still and this time he was fingering his club suggestively. At the very first gleam of a white shirt front he drew it and made a dash for the door.

It was Mr. Vanderpool, number 4.

"Get out!" said the irate sergeant, menacingly, and he swung up his weapon. The gentleman thought he had met with a maniac; he gave one glance and then made a dash for the carriage. The officer faced about, repiaced his club, and softly murmured "next."

But the "next" never came. The sergeant got weary of pacing about and finally sat down again. A half hour passed and he began to doze; the fun for that night was over, thought he, and laughed when he thought how mad he had been.

"I'd just like to see any Fifth Avenue dudes running this place," he muttered. "I never heard of suce a piece of impertinence in my life!"

Through all this the plebes were peacefully sleeping. What poor Chauncey would have done if he had seen his four uncles insulted by that irate policeman is left to the imagination of the reader. It

would most infallibly have been the death of Chauncey, and so perhaps it is just as well that he didn't awaken.

The clock over the station house door was at three. It will be remembered that the train left at three-thirty. The only train that could possibly save those unfortunate plebes. Three-thirty was the time the ferry boat left. But the station house was two miles and more from the ferry slip. Altogether things were getting very interesting. For the sergeant dozed on, and the prisoners slept on and the clock went on to three-fifteen. It was a wonder Mark Mallory didn't have a nightmare.

It is of the nature of thunder-bolts to strike swiftly. There is no parleying, no stopping for introductions, no delays. Therefore there will be none in describing what happened next.

The sergeant sat up with a start; so did the doorman, and so did everybody else in the place. There was the rattle of another carriage!

CHAPTER V.

THE END OF IT ALL.

The sergeant had gotten over his anger, but he meant to be consistent, all the same. If this was another one of those "bloated aristocrats" he'd better look out for trouble, that was all.

The carriage drew up in the usual fashion, the sergeant seized his club. There was a flash of white shirt front and the sergeant made a leap for the door. The next moment he staggered back as if he had been shot. It was Millionaire No. 1, hatless and breathless, almost coatless and senseless, dragging in his wake—the captain of the precinct!

The sergeant saluted and gasped.

"I told you," cried Millionaire No. 1.

"You've a prisoner here named Smith?" cried the captain.

"Er—yes," stammered the sergeant.

"Send him here, quick!"

The poor officer was too much amazed and thunderstruck to be chagrined at his defeat. He made a rush for the cell; shouted to the prisoners; and half a minute later Chauncey, green August overcoat and all, was in his uncle's arms.

The sergeant turned to the smiling police captain.

"Allow me to present——"

He was interrupted by a yell; Chauncey had glanced up at the clock.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. "We've ten minutes to make the train!"

Chauncey, aristocratic and Chesterfieldian Chauncey, alas, I blush to record it, had forgotten in one instant that there was such a thing on earth as a rule of etiquette. He forgot that there was such a person on earth as a police captain. He never even looked at him. His two friends at his side he made one wild dash for the door.

He was not destined to get out of it, however. During the excitement no one had noticed the approach of another carriage. There was the flash of another white shirt front and in rushed Millionaire No. 2.

No. 2 had the chief of police!

"You've a prisoner here named Smith——" cried the latter excitedly. "Release——"

Just then the millionaire caught sight of Chauncey, and again there were handshakes and apologies, another skurrying toward the door.

"I can't stop, I tell you!" roared Chauncey. "I'll miss the train—quick—bah Jove, ye know, I'll be ruined—I——"

There was another clatter of wheels at the door.

"Good gracious!" gasped the unfortunate cadet. "It's somebody else! Bah Jove! Deuce take the luck!"

Nothing has been said of the unfortunate sergeant during this. He was leaning against his desk in a state of collapse. Millionaire No. 3 had entered the room.

Millionaire No. 3 had a police commissioner!

"You've a prisoner here named Smith," cried he. "Release——"

This time the plebes were desperate. They could stand it no longer. Chauncey had forced his way to the door and made a dash for one of the carriages.

"Drive——" he began, and then he stopped long enough to see another carriage rush up—Millionaire No. 4. Millionaire No. 4 had somebody—Chauncey

didn't know who. But the agonized sergeant did.

It was no less a personage than His Honor, the Mayor.

(His Honor the Mayor was mad, too, and you may bet the sergeant caught it.)

With that our three friends had nothing to do. They had piled into the carriage, Millionaire No. 1 with them, and likewise the captain, to make sure that they weren't arrested for fast driving. And away they rattled down the street.

"Christopher Street—seven minutes!" roared Chauncey. "For your life—bah Jove!"

After which there was fun to spare. New York streets aren't made for race tracks, and the way that carriage swayed and bumped was a caution. The driver had taken them at their word and was going for dear life. Three times the captain had to lean out of the window to quell some policeman who was shouting at them to slow up.

As for the plebes, there was nothing for them to do but sit still and wait in trembling anxiousness. Chauncey's uncle had a watch in his hand with the aid of which he told off the streets and the seconds.

"If we make it," said he, "we won't have ten seconds to spare. Faster, there, faster!"

The poor cadets nearly had heart failure at that.

"If we miss it," groaned Mark, "we are gone forever. The whole story'll come out and we'll be expelled sure as we're alive. What time did you say it was?"

"Drive, there, drive!" roared Chauncey.

All things come to an end. Those that haven't will some day. It seemed an age to the suffering plebes, but that drive was over at last. And the end of it was so terrible that they would have preferred the suspense.

The carriage was yanked up and brought to stop in front of the ferry gates just as the boat was gliding from her slip.

The look that was upon the faces of the three would have moved a Sphinx to tears. They sank back in the carriage and never said one word. It was all over. West Point was gone. To the three that meant that life was no longer worth the living.

It seemed almost too terrible to be true. Mark Mallory pinched himself to make sure he was alive; that all this dream had really happened, that he really was beyond hope.

And then suddenly the police captain gave vent to a startled exclamation and whacked his knee.

"Desbrosses street!" he roared to the startled driver, and an instant later the carriage was speeding away down along the wharves.

Where they were going, or why, none of them had the least idea, except the captain; and he said nothing. The trip was a short one, only three or four blocks. At the end of it he sprang from the carriage.

"Quick, quick!" he cried, and made a dash for one of the piers.

The rest did not need to be urged to follow. They beat the captain there in their haste. For they saw then where he was going; a police tug was lying at the wharf.

"Quick!" roared the captain, leaping aboard. "Follow that ferry!"

And half a minute later the engines of the tug were throbbing and the tug was sweeping out into the river.

A few minutes after that there were three tough-looking tramps contentedly dozing in a Pullman car of the West Shore express.

The same three sneaked into Camp McPherson at the very moment when Cadet Corporal Vance (of the Bull Harris gang) was superintending the loading of the reveille gun.

Which was the end of the adventure.

[THE END.]

The next West Point novelette will be entitled "Defending His Honor; or, Mark Mallory's Daring," by Lieutenant Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

THE TREASURE OF ISORA;

OR,

The Giant Islanders of Tiburon.

By BROOKS McCORMICK,

Author of "How He Won," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

VISITORS IN THE NIGHT.



"WHO'S there?" demanded Landy Ridgefield.

He raised himself in his bed, and listened for an answer, but his question brought back no response.

Landy had waked some time in the night, and he had no idea whether it was early in the morning or the night, for he was usually a sound sleeper. He listened very attentively for a couple of minutes, for it was strongly impressed upon his mind that some unusual sound had roused him from his slumbers.

Landy was not an alarmist, but he could not divest himself of the idea that something out of the common course was going on in the house, and when he failed to hear any sound, he got out of bed and went to the window.

Though it was very dark, he made out the outline of a human form, moving on the driveway which led from the street to the rear of the house. The figure was hardly large enough to be a full-grown man, though it was large for a boy of sixteen, and he wondered who it could be that had any business in the vicinity of his father's house at that unseemly hour, whatever the clock might indicate as the time of night.

While he was looking at this form and wondering who owned it, he heard another sound, which attracted his attention, for it seemed to be in the house.

It was like the creak of some of the woodwork in the building, more likely to be the stairs under the pressure of footsteps than anything else he could think of, and he went to the door of his room, which opened out into the entry, where the staircase leading to the main hall below was located.

If he had not seen the figure of the fellow out on the driveway, he could easily have believed that some one of the family was sick, or had got up for a drink of water, or for some other purpose.

The door of Landy's chamber was not locked, or even entirely closed, for Channelpoint, where he lived, was a very quiet place, and everybody went to bed by nine o'clock in the evening, and got up as soon as it was daylight.

Such a thing as a robbery, a burglary, or even a theft, was almost unknown, and locks were not articles of much consequence, though as Landy's father was the master of a large schooner, he had been away enough to learn the ways of civilization, and was always particular to have his outside doors and windows on the ground floor closed and fastened.

Perhaps his was almost the only house in town that was thus secured at night, and people laughed at the captain for the caution he manifested.

Landy passed through the half-open door into the hall, and there he listened again but he was unable to detect any repetition of the sound which had attracted his attention.

The noise like the creaking of the stairs could not have been made by the fellow out in the driveway, and it was patent to the comprehension of Landy that some one who did not belong there was in the house. He returned to his chamber and proceeded to dress himself. As he had spent a considerable portion of his life

on board of his father's vessel, this was not a formidable undertaking, and his toilet was made inside of thirty seconds.

He put on his socks, but he put one of his shoes into the side pocket on each side of his coat, for he desired to move without exposing his presence to the night visitor in the house.

Perhaps it would have been quite in order for him to have been alarmed under the circumstances, and very likely if he had lived in a locality less remote from the centers of enlightened existence, the occasion might have made a heavy demand upon his courage.

Landy was not at all alarmed, though he knew that his father had valuable papers in the apartment directly below his own, and even kept considerable sums of money at times in the tin trunk in his desk.

It looked to him more as though some rogue had embarked upon a practical joke, or at worst was intent upon some sort of mischief, rather than upon a serious crime.

Landy proceeded just as though he expected to entrap some trickster engaged in arranging a bucket of water so that it would fall over and duck a member of the family, or shut up an owl in the pantry, or some equally brilliant experiment to annoy or frighten those who lived in the house.

He walked to the rear of the hall as lightly as though he had been one of the operators instead of acting on police duty, and not a board creaked under his feet to betray his presence to the person who had evidently descended the stairs.

As he approached the landing of the stairs, he felt a strong blast of cold air, which could only come from the chilly atmosphere outside of the house, and he was immediately assured that the intruder had come in at the window which opened upon the woodshed in the rear.

The window was open, and that settled the question in his mind beyond a doubt, that the visitor had entered the house in this manner and it was easy enough to get on the roof of the shed, which was flat enough to allow one to walk upon it without any difficulty.

Landy stopped a minute or two to think, and he was still more intent upon knowing who the intruder was than upon preventing him from doing whatever mischief he had in his mind.

As the result of his deliberation, he got out of the window on the roof of the shed, walked to the farther end of it in his stocking feet, and then descended to the ground upon the grape vine trellis.

At this point he put on his shoes, even before he had wet his feet on the moist ground, for he was not zealous enough in his undertaking to spoil his socks, or to risk taking a cold by exposure.

His first business was to investigate the fellow he had seen in the driveway, and when he had done that, there would be time enough for him to attend to the visitor in the house.

Passing around the woodshed, he reached the end of the main house, and took a position at the corner where he could see the outsider when he appeared again.

But the sentinel, as he appeared to be, did not show himself. Landy picked up a short cart stake that lay near him, and then went out into the driveway but he had hardly time to do so before he discovered the sentinel near the gate on the street.

The outsider saw him at the same moment, and

when he was not within fifty feet of the house he halted, and when Landy began to move rapidly toward him the sentinel took to his heels, and ran down the street with all his might.

The captain's son was not willing to lose both birds by running after one of them, and at this moment he noticed that the front window of his father's office was slowly and cautiously opened, so as not to alarm any occupant of the house.

Landy concluded that the insider had completed the arrangement of his trap, or had done the mischief he came to do and all he had to do now was to make his escape without betraying himself to any one.

As the bottom of the window was about four feet above the ground, Landy thought the intruder would come out feet first, turn over on his stomach, and then "hang off" as he dropped to the solid earth.

The captain's son arranged a programme of his own operations in the capture of the visitor, and he was only sorry that he had not brought a line to tie him with as soon as he got hold of his legs, for it did not occur to him that he would have any difficulty in bagging his game.

Just at that important moment, when everything was in excellent train for the capture of the intruder, Landy felt a strong inclination to sneeze as he crunched under the window.

Possibly grandmother had upset her snuff-box on the window stool in one of her visits, and he had inhaled some of the pungent powder; at any rate, he wanted to sneeze and though he rubbed his nose, and struggled to repress it, the explosion came in spite of him, and was all the more noisy because he tried to choke it off.

"What are you about, Livy?" demanded the insider at the window, in a vigorous whisper and it was plain enough that the sneeze had informed him of the proximity of his associate, as he took the sneezer to be.

"I couldn't help it," pleaded Landy, willing to take up the cue given by the other, in as loud a whisper as that of the insider.

As the visitor spoke in a whisper, Landy found it quite impossible to identify him by his voice, and he was as much in the dark as though the fellow had not spoken at all.

"You will blow the whole thing, Livy, if you don't mind what you are about," continued the insider, whom the sneeze had evidently disgusted.

Who was Livy? He was the outsider who had run away on the first appearance of Landy; but the latter was confident there was no person in Channelport of that name.

"I couldn't help sneezing," repeated Landy, as the only answer it was prudent for him to make.

"Have you seen a light at any of the windows?" continued the stranger in the office.

"Not a light."

Landy thought he asked very unnecessary questions, but felt obliged to humor him, and gave all the information asked for in a whisper energetic enough to make himself heard.

"Look about the house again, and make sure that no one is stirring," said the insider.

Landy was a good sailor for his years, and he felt compelled to obey orders, at least in appearance, so he went as far as the corner of the house, though he did not remove his gaze from the front office window for an instant.

The other fellow might come back, or the one in the house might jump out if he relaxed his vigilance, and he was determined not to let the second of the couple escape.

He remained at the corner a few minutes and then returned to the front of the house, where he found that the insider was still at work on the sash, which did not appear to move freely within the stops.

He kept close to the front of the house so that the operator could not see him, and then resumed his former position under the window, but he took care to make just noise enough to apprise the other of his return.

"All quiet," said he, when the principal appeared to take no notice of his presence.

"I can't get this window open enough to let me out," returned the operator, in a tone which indicated his vexation at the obstacle.

"Go to another, then," suggested Landy.

"I want to put things just as I found them and it

will be as hard to shut this window as it is to open it. I have got things all ready here for the end of the whole thing," continued the insider.

"What have you got ready?" asked Landy, at a venture, though he realized that it was a dangerous question for him to ask.

"The papers I brought with me, you know, and the other stuff," replied the other, with even more caution than usual.

Landy did not know, and he had not the least idea what the fellow in the house had been doing but he had to repress his eager desire for knowledge under the present circumstances.

"I don't want to make any noise. But I will hand you the box, and then I will go upstairs, and get out that way," continued the insider, as he left the window.

The box! Landy wondered what he meant by this, and he began to have some doubts in regard to the mission of the fellow in the house, though he was ready to take the box, whatever it might be, and to take good care of it.

"Here it is," whispered the insider, passing something out of the window and holding it within reach of the other.

Landy was afraid he might show his face or his hat, and he kept his head down when he reached up for the box, which he took, and drew back as quickly as he could.

"Go out to the back of the house, and wait there till I get out," said the intruder, as he released his hold on the box. "Mind what you are about, for there may be hundreds of dollars in this tin thing to say nothing of the papers, which are worth ten times as much as the money. If you see anybody about the house, run as fast as you can to the wharf, and don't let any one see you."

"All right," replied Landy, as he made all possible haste to obey as much of the order as he thought proper.

But he went no farther than the corner of the house, for just then, with the box in his possession, he was not so anxious as he had been to get hold of the intruder.

In fact, a thorough and radical change had come over his views, and he was almost paralyzed when he realized what the fellow in the house had been doing. He was not a practical joker, and he had not thought of setting any trap, or of fixing a bucket of water so that it would duck on one of the family, for his business was of a vastly more serious nature.

The article the insider had handed to him was the tin trunk of his father that contained his supply of ready money, and all his valuable papers, which the operator declared were worth ten times as much as the money.

Landy was thoroughly aroused by the discovery he had made, and he hardly thought for the moment of catching the burglar, as he proved to be, for he was burdened with anxiety for the safety of the tin trunk.

At the end of the house to which he retreated was a door leading into the cellar, consisting of two parts, slanting down from the sill of the building.

Though these doors were fastened on the inside, Landy knew a way to open them on the outside, by sticking his knife through the crack where they came together. Lifting one of them, he reached the steps, and descending, closed it behind him and then he felt that he and the trunk were both safe in the cellar, where he lost no time depositing the valuable box in a closet in which was no window.

The trunk was now safe, at least for the present, and he felt as though he should like to know who had been engaged in the business of stealing it.

Taking off his shoes, he put them in his side pockets again, and crept softly up the cellar stairs to the kitchen, into which they led, and though he listened with all his ears, he could not hear a sound.

He had left the inside burglar in the office, and he thought he must still be there; but his attention was persistently attracted by a strong smell of smoke.

CHAPTER II.

THE INTRUDER IN THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.

By this time Landy Ridgefield believed that the intruder who had handed him the tin trunk of his father was capable of any crime it was possible for him to

commit, and the smell of smoke was suggestive of a calamity of some kind.

He hastened from the kitchen to the hall, where the odor of the smoke was more apparent; and at first he thought of calling his father, whose room was on the lower floor opposite the kitchen.

But his mother was not in good health just then, and he did not wish to alarm her with a story of fire and burglars until it should be absolutely necessary to do so; and Landy was a young man with great self-reliance. He did not believe the author of all the mischief had had time to get out of the house, and he was disposed to use all reasonable caution, especially as he desired, now that the tin trunk was in a safe place, to lay hands on the villain.

He looked about him in the hall, but he could not see the intruder in the darkness, if he was there, and he made his way to the office, the door of which he found closed. When he opened it he found the room full of smoke, and saw a bright blaze rising from the floor under his father's desk.

He could no longer have a particle of doubt in regard to the wicked intentions of the scoundrel who had entered the house, for he had not only robbed it of the most valuable article it contained, but he had kindled a fire which was to destroy the building.

Landy did not stop an instant to consider what the burglar intended to do, or to measure his purpose in setting fire to the house, for the flame was increasing in volume, and it would soon be beyond his control.

The blaze rose from a small heap of combustibles piled up under the desk, upon which had been placed what would burn in the room, including a lot of pamphlets and newspapers. Without consulting the peril to his fingers, the captain's son gathered up the burning objects, and threw them into the large brick fireplace, which was only about three feet distant.

With the large fire shovel on the hearth he removed every particle of material that would burn, and then rubbed down the leg of the desk which had taken fire with a newspaper, till not a spark could be seen.

The room was brilliantly lighted by the blaze from the burning mass in the fireplace, and if the burglar was at that moment in sight of the front of the house, he might readily have supposed that his attempt to burn the mansion was entirely successful.

The blazing material consisted of a considerable quantity of pine sticks, which burned as though they had been soaked in kerosene or turpentine; and the night visitor must have brought them in his pockets.

There was a pitcher of water on the table, which his father had probably brought in the night before, for he had spent the evening in his office; and Landy poured what remained of its contents on the floor and the legs of the desk to make sure that no fire lingered there.

When he had done this he felt that his work for the present was done in the house, and he turned his at-

tention to the author of the villainy, whose evil intentions he had been strangely able to frustrate.

He opened a window to let out the smoke which had caused him no little weeping as he extinguished the fire, and he had closed the door after him when he came in so that the smoke should not get into other parts of the house.

Picking up his shoes, which he had taken from his pockets while putting out the fire, he put them there again, and went out into the hall.

Though it has taken some time to tell what Landy did after he got possession of the trunk, and when he discovered the fire, only a few minutes had been occupied since he left the window at the front of the house; and he thought the operator could not have gone a great way in this time, even if he had succeeded in getting out of the house.

Landy went upstairs, and found that the window in the rear of the hall had been closed, indicating that the rascal had made his escape as he had said he should. It would be a waste of precious time to open the window and follow the intruder over the roof, and he rushed downstairs as rapidly as he could move his nimble feet and went out of the house at the back door.

He saw a dark form at the end of the barn, though it was not in motion and the owner of it seemed to be looking about him. As the fellow did not offer to run away, Landy concluded that he had not been seen or heard, as he was not likely to be with the dark outline of the house behind him.

Stepping back to the shed into which the back door opened, he felt around for a coat and hat on the nails where they usually hung, and though he found his overcoat, his hat was not there. But the heavy woolen hood which his mother used when she stepped out for a moment was there, and he put that on, for he was not a dandy and he did not expect to encounter the best society of Channelpport at that hour of the night.

Taking a position outside of the door, he saw the dark form moving about, as though the proprietor of it was searching for something; and Landy remembered that he had told him, his associate, to wait for him in the rear of the house.

The principal was looking for his companion in iniquity, and as he had committed the valuable tin trunk to his care, he undoubtedly felt a deep interest in ascertaining what had become of him.

Landy waited till he heard the clock in the kitchen strike three; and still the villain maintained his ground somewhere in the vicinity of the barn, evidently expecting his confederate would put in an appearance.

Landy could not stand this stupid delay, and when he considered what he should do to break up the monotony of the situation a bright thought came to him.

He went to the cellar and brought up the tin trunk, and with this in his hand he knocked at the door of his father's room so vigorously that he was promptly answered by the appearance of the captain at the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNDER THE SHADOW.

The Story of a Brave Boy's Adventure in a Chinese Siege.

By GORDON ROBERTS.



STRANGE little company was making its way one summer afternoon along the dusty, narrow road that separates the town of Yen-wha from the banks of the Tsien-tang. From the squalid buildings that lined the route on either hand, silent figures issued—squat, pig-tailed, almond-eyed and olive-skinned—to gaze with unfriendly glances upon the two white men who strode past in company with a lad of the same detestable complexion, and followed by a couple of servants of the true Celestial shade.

"They don't look very glad to see us, Mr.

Vaughan," remarked the younger of the white men with a laugh. "We may have a bit of a dust-up yet before we reach Shanghai. We must surely be out of old Hung's dominions by now!"

His companion glanced about him anxiously. "When my boy and I left the Tsan mission," he said, "I had positive news that the Tai-Pings were driven back beyond this district, or I should never have ventured—although whilst we stayed at Tsan our lives were daily in peril."

At that moment the missionary—for such he was, though you would never have guessed it from his rough traveling dress—was joined by his son.

"Father!" cried the boy excitedly. "Ah Sin has just been talking to a weaver at that funny little house with the red paper over the door, and the weaver told him that the Tai-Pings captured the town three weeks ago, and drove the enemy across the T sien-tang. He said, too, that in a few days there is sure to be more fighting!"

His eyes sparkled with excitement, and seeing that his father looked grave, he turned for sympathy to the other. "Wouldn't it be fun, Mr. Archer?"

"Sooner be excused, thanks," returned Mr. Archer, briefly. "You forget how the rebels hate white men—and especially since the Emperor has brought so many white officers to lead his soldiers against them. Colonel Gordon has beaten the Tai-Pings so often, after their many victories, that they hate the sight of a white face for his sake. Passports or no passports, we may get into serious trouble at any minute."

"What is our best course, then?" asked Mr. Vaughan, wondering who this chance companion of his, whom he had met on his way to the coast, might be.

"We must get past this town and cross the rebel lines before any fighting begins again," said Archer with emphasis. "These Orientals don't hurry themselves, or

"Keep with me," said Ah Sin in his own tongue; "there may be trouble, and I have friends here."

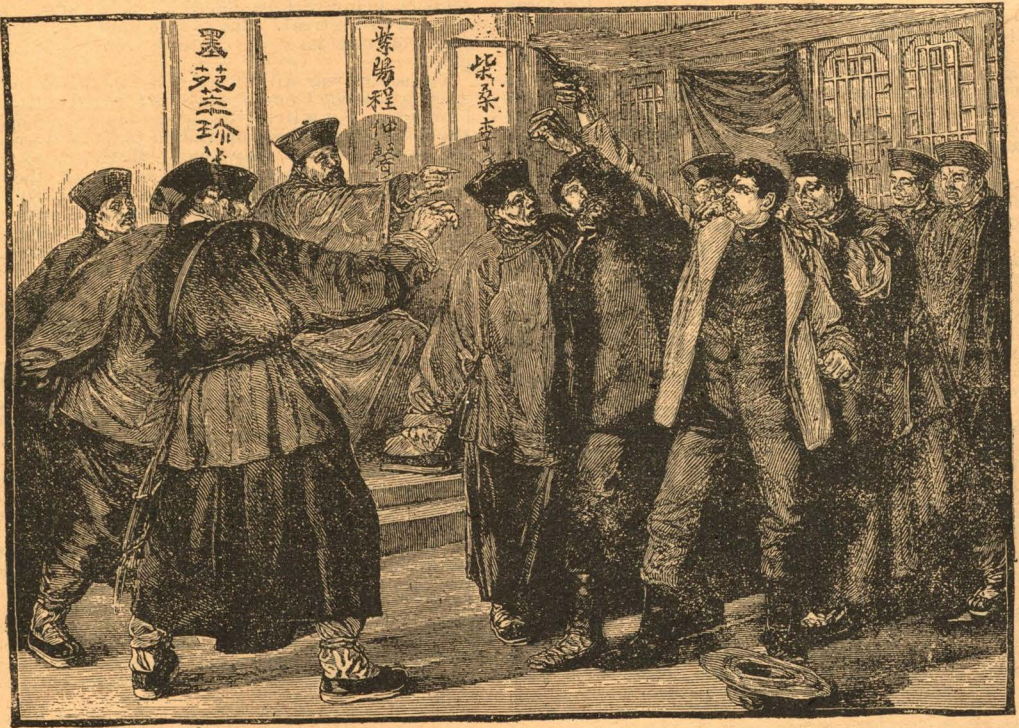
Bertie promised to do so, and was watching the seemingly endless ranks go by, when he heard a sudden roar from the crowd a few paces off—a hoarse, savage note that chilled his blood—and saw his father and Mr. Archer struggling amidst the mob. He would have fought his way toward them, but Ah Sin clung to him and kept him still.

"You can do them no good," said the servant. "The mob will kill you before you reach them. See, here come the soldiers to arrest them."

In fact, a dozen soldiers, under the direction of an officer who wore a long sword on either hip, rushed upon the infuriated crowd, and with kicks and blows drove them off the two Englishmen. The soldiers placed themselves round the pair; their officer spoke a few words to Mr. Vaughan, who replied briefly and quietly; and as soon as the rest of the troops had passed, the two prisoners were marched back and disappeared with their escort through the gate.

Bertie—whom Ah Sin had drawn into the deepest shadow of an empty hut—would have followed his father, but once more the servant restrained him.

"Peace," he said. "I will go into the town and



VAUGHAN QUICKLY STRUCK UP HIS COMPANIONS ARM (page 1378).

this Tai-Ping business could not have gone on as long as it has. Unless Gordon pushes forward (which would be just like him) we may reach Shanghai before another shot is fired."

They drew near the main gate of Yen-wha as he spoke. Ere they could pass, an outburst of shrill, harsh sound—which it would be absurd to call music—rose within the town.

"Sounds like a rebel band," said Archer.

Instantly, from every house outside the walls the people streamed forth, massing into an immense crowd that almost choked the narrow way. Wedged in beyond the possibility of escape, the little party of strangers saw a long array of quilted and padded warriors, armed with swords, giant bows and a few muskets, issue toward them from the gate.

If the road was crowded before, it was now packed to the crushing point as the troops forced their way through, driving the stolid populace against the houses to left and right. Bertie Vaughan, separated from his party by the crush, was relieved to find his father's faithful servant by his side.

learn the news. Dwell you here till I return. I will urge my friends inside the walls to give you shelter for a few days, and after dark I will take you there."

In vain did Bertie plead in his best Chinese that he too might enter the town at once. Ah Sin was obdurate. He made the lad lie down in the darkest corner of the hut ere he left him.

Some hours later—endless hours of mental agony to the lonely, anxious boy, the servant glided into the hut and called him.

"All is ready," he said; "the gate will be closed very soon. It is nearly dark; put on this hat and this loose coat, and you may get through. It is your only chance—come."

Mechanically the lad did as he was directed. Ah Sin would answer no questions until they had passed the sentries at the gate and were safely hidden in a dirty, foul-smelling, bare little room which his friend had consented to their occupying.

Then, at last, he spoke.

"They were accused of being spies," he said; "they are to be beheaded to-morrow morning!"

Meanwhile the two prisoners had been hurried through the streets toward the hall where the rebel wang (king) Chi-Ling sat in conclave with his officers.

"Vaughan," said his companion, "I'm very sorry you and I ever chummed up together, for I'm afraid I have done for us both."

"What do you mean?" asked the missionary, dazedly.

"Only this—that that officer roared out is true; I am a spy; I volunteered to get Colonel Gordon tidings of the rebels, and I would have brought him back the information he wants, if I had had luck. But that officer was sent to Gordon a few months back to treat for a truce between the Emperor's forces and the rebels, and he saw me there, for I did the interpreting; and now to-day, he recognized me. Of course, it's all up with me, but I'm awfully sorry for you."

The elder man had faced death too often to dread it; he grasped Archer's outstretched hand, then broke out into a cry of agony: "Oh! my boy, my boy Bertie!"

In the Chair of State of the Council Chamber sat the great Chi-Ling, leader (under Hung, the head wang) of the eastern division of the rebel army, with his advisers about him.

Haled before his presence amid a babel of shouts and cries, the two prisoners were not permitted to speak in their own defence. Their captor volubly described his recognition of Archer, the wang nodded his head, ordered their execution at daybreak, and motioned for their removal.

Archer, who had stood motionless and imperturbable amidst the uproar, took a quick step forward, shook off the soldier who held him, drew a revolver, and pointing it full at the rebel leader, fired.

Had the bullet found its intended billet, that moment would have been the prisoner's last; but instinctively, quick as lightning, the missionary struck up his desperate companion's arm, and the missile flew high above the wang's head. A dozen swords flashed out, but the leader imperiously ordered them to be sheathed; he wished to extract by torture all the information he could from the captives before putting them to death.

Kicked, half strangled, spat upon, the doomed men were dragged from the wang's presence, and cast, heavily fettered into a pitch dark, noisome cell below the level of the courtyard, there to await the hour of their execution.

That night the unhappy Bertie, tossing on his mat in bitterest agony, suddenly leaped to his feet with a cry.

"Ah Sin, wake—I heard shots!" he called out, kicking the stolid Celestial till he had aroused him from his sleep.

Together they listened; yes, there could be no doubt of it, the sharp rattle of rifle volleys could be clearly, though distantly, heard. It grew nearer as the slow minutes passed, and soon the town was astir. Men were heard shouting in the darkness, pitch fires were lighted, and troops went marching past.

A little while, and the uproar grew louder. Cries and gongs sounded, women were gathering up their infants and flying by the further gate; terrified children, wandering in the darkness, lent their clamors to the general din. Ah Sin's generous host burst into the room where the former and his young master stood listening.

"We are lost!" he cried, "the Emperor's troops are marching on the town; the soldiers of the Grand Peace (Tai-Ping) are crowding in through the gate, many of them sore wounded. The town will be besieged—I and my household fly!"

He was gone ere they could ask a question; they saw him hurry past their open window-space, followed by his wife and children, and join the surging mass of fugitives that poured along the torch-lit street. And then, amid the crackle of musketry, they heard the deeper booming note of cannon and the shriek of shells hurtling overhead.

"The siege is begun," thought Bertie. Then in Chinese he said to his faithful friend, "Where is my father's cell? Let us go out and find it—perhaps we may break it open!"

"I will go," replied Ah Sin; "the soldiers would shoot you directly they saw your white face—and there is light enough now," he added soberly.

There was indeed. The bursting shells had ignited here and there a bamboo floor, a wooden roof, a flimsy hut or store; and the glow of their burning lit up the streets with a weird and lurid glare as Ah Sin went on his perilous errand.

In half an hour he returned to report that the town was empty of fugitives, that the soldiery were still holding the walls—though it was rumored they were wavering—and that he had seen a sentry posted before the military prison, who had told him there were two "white devils" within it.

"We must hasten there," said the boy, quivering with excitement. "They may kill the prisoners before retreating. Quick! show me the way!"

Following his native guide, Bertie passed through a network of narrow streets lit by the still augmenting glare of the burning houses. Twice they had to take refuge in one of the forsaken dwellings while a knot of soldiers, many with bandaged heads or arms, ran past them in full retreat. But at last these too, united in their common love of another, reached the prison gates.

The sentry was still there, but on his face—dead! A mass of stone from a shattered cornice had struck him down. Not a living being was in sight; and though the devoted couple ran up and down the courtyard calling on the prisoner they sought, there was no voice in reply, and the massive bars and chains of the prison door defied their strength. Wearied with their efforts, at length they sat down against a wall and waited for what might happen. The paved courtyard, lit by the flickering glare of flaming houses, was silent; only in the distance could be heard the terrible notes of war, and sometimes a wall crashed down, shivered by a bursting shell. The council house opposite the watchers caught fire, and still they sat silent, waiting.

The end came suddenly. A shell dropped upon the prison roof, bounded off, and fell upon the flagged yard where they had stationed themselves. Instantly, and as by instinct, they fell face forward and lay prone. There was a long moment's suspense, a horrible roaring crash, and then—silence.

When Bertie reopened his eyes, a kind and handsome face was bending over him; the face the world has learned to honor since then—the face of "Chinese Gordon."

"Why, my dear lad!" said he in amaze, "how on earth came you here? But you're hurt! I feared at first you were dead."

"My father!" moaned the lad. "In the prison—there." He motioned his head toward the building.

"There? Why, we have made a hasty search but could find no one there, and were about to leave it. Here's no time to lose; the whole town will soon be ablaze."

He called a knot of Chinese soldiers, borrowed a torch, and himself led them in a second and more complete search. Five minutes, ten minutes, passed, then the party emerged, bearing with them Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Archer.

Their heavy irons removed, the rescued men were able to walk, and learned what had happened.

"And that's the lad that saved you," ended Colonel Gordon, pointing to the prostrate form of Bertie Vaughan. "He's in a bad way—struck on the head by a shell splinter; but, please Heaven, he'll pull through. That Chinese lad beside him is dead though, poor fellow!"

Bertie Vaughan did "pull through," though it was long before the shadow of death left his couch. He is with his regiment a colonel himself. But neither he nor the two men whose lives he aided in saving will ever cease to remember and revere the devoted, heroic, and hapless Ah Sin.



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CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CRUSOES.

ROBINSON CRUSOE on his island in the far Pacific had some advantages not enjoyed by Amsted. For not only was the former owner of a gun and ammunition, but of tools and stores of various kinds from the wrecked vessels cast up on the island's shore. But James Amsted possessed only an axe, an auger, a hunting knife, and some sail needles, with the assistance of which he had made himself as comfortable as possible.

All these things Tom and Phil could realize to their fullest extent after a fortnight had dragged slowly by.

Could they have contrived to have built a boat strong enough to resist the current, and capable of propulsion by oars, there might have been some hopes of escape. Desperate as the venture might be, not one of the three but would have willingly taken the chance of finding a place where they could "run" the fall whose distant roar was ever in their ears, for the sake of an escape from their inland prison.

But the blunted axe and a dull auger, even with the aid of the hunting knife, which was in tolerable order, were insufficient to this end.

This gloomy view of their own situation and things in general was in Tom's mind, as one afternoon he stood alone on the rocky point, on either side of which the river was surging and dashing with a maddening monotony of sound.

His eyes were fixed on the dark water, as far up as the winding course of the river would permit. In imagination he was going over some of the experiences of the previous weeks. He recalled the strange, solemn appearance of El Pueblo Muerte, and the good priest with folded hands sleeping his last sleep under the shadow of the cross; the discovery of the gold itself, and the subsequent incidents down to the time when Phil and himself were launched out into the rushing current, as their captors supposed, to certain destruction.

"Not a gun had they got—not a pistol to boot, And if they had either, there's nothing to shoot. Poor Robinson Crusoe could build him a boat, Yet here we three Crusoes daren't venture afloat—Tinky tank tank—Tinky tank tank, Unfortunate Robinson Crusoe."

Of course it was Phil, who, in rather lugubrious tones, was singing the above pathetic refrain, as, having left his father behind him, he sauntered listlessly toward his friend.

"Oh, hold up, Phil, do!" irritably exclaimed Tom, who was in anything but a cheerful frame of mind.

Here Tom who while speaking had not changed the direction of his gaze, stopped short.

"By Jove—that looks like a boat," he breathlessly exclaimed, pointing to a distant object far up the stream.

Mr. Amsted, who had just joined them, uttered a low exclamation, and, shading his eyes with his hand, stared fixedly at the object pointed out by Tom, while Phil's parted lips and quickened breathing showed his inward excitement.

"It is a boat—and there are men—white men—in it!"

For the swift current had swept it rapidly down toward them, as they stood gazing at the unexpected sight. They could see a tall form in the stern, handling a steering oar, while two were sitting amidships with oars, in readiness to pull in either direction in case of boulders in their track.

On! with more than race-horse speed, came the boat! Would it pass the island on one side or the other, borne on by the resistless current? Wildly the three swung their arms—for there wasn't a hat, or even a substitute for one, in the party.

Yes—thank Heaven! The boat's bow swung into the eddy tide. Two more men rose from the bottom of the craft, and, impelled by four pairs of strong arms its keel grated on the pebbly beach.

The steersman—a tall, fine-looking man, sprang ashore before the others.

"Haul her up carefully, boys. So—that's well."

Then turning to the three castaways, who had run down to meet them, he bowed with brief courtesy.

"I am Major Gray, of the United States engineering corps, stationed at Fort Wager. We are exploring along the Rio Salinas, and, as you see, have just run the canyon. I have heard of this island, but never dreamed of its being inhabited."

James Amsted was the first to find his voice. And a very tremulous one it was as he made such brief explanations as were needful.

Major Grey listened with evident astonishment and interest, as did the others of the party, who had gathered about them.

"Well, I'm pleased that we discovered you. Our boat wants patching, and we're rather short of grub. Been upset twice since we took the river two hundred miles to the northward, and lost two men—an Indian guide and a Swede. But their loss will be your gain—it makes room for you all."

With emotions too deep for utterance, the three helped to unload the boat, after which it was taken further up on the beach and turned over to dry, in readiness for the needed repairs.

Then, taking with them the boat's sail, a temporary shelter was provided for those who could not be accommodated in the limits of the little cabin.

A yearling heifer was killed—the fresh beef making a welcome addition to the scanty stores, and on the following morning the boat's bottom was patched up as well as their limited facilities would permit.

It seemed from Major Grey's account that two years before his famous exploit in taking a boat through the great Colorado canyon, the lamented Major Powell had gone through this canyon of the Rio Salinas, but his boat was swept past the island by the violence of the current.

In his report he had spoken of its location, and of the cattle they had seen grazing on its grassy slope. But no further account had ever been given, so Major Grey, with a party of six men, was detailed to make a second and—if possible—more extended report as to the canyon of the Rio Salinas and the island itself. Through Major Powell's published description it was known that the fall below the island, though dangerous in the extreme, might be partly avoided by keeping the boat in the rapids on the left shore, as he himself had done; though as was afterward seen, no raft that ever was constructed could have been managed in such turbulent waters.

All this Major Grey explained at some length, before everything was in readiness to leave the island. The little border settlement of Junction City, at the junction of Rio Salinas and the Colorado, was to be their final destination. From thence to more advanced civilization required but three days staging at the furthest. And once within reach of the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, their toilsome journey would be forgotten.

So the party finally bade good-by to Cattle Island—three of them, at least, with feelings of devout gratitude—and embarked in the long, double ended, light draught boat.

Of their perilous trip and narrow escapes from drowning, there is not room here to speak. The next scene of our story is the frontier town of Ramonas, where they arrived in safety some days later, and where some strange things happened to them.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT RAMOMAS.

The town of Ramonas is on the Southern Pacific Railroad, nearly on the dividing line between Arizona and New Mexico. From a New England standpoint Ramonas would be regarded as peculiar, to say the least, not only as to its surroundings, but on account of the people who live there. Not that Ramonas is one of those wild frontier towns where—like the locality mentioned by the lamented John Phenix—

"All night in this sweet little village,
Are heard the soft notes of the pistol,
And the pleasant shriek of the victim."

Ramonas rather prides itself upon its superiority in this and kindred respects to many of its neighbors. It points with pride to its Methodist Chapel, and the Catholic Cathedral; to the court-house and jail, with the standing gallows, both of which are presumed to strike terror into the heart of the evil-doer.

Ramonas also boasts itself of a "Mammoth Hotel," built in view of the time when patients by scores and hundreds shall visit the wonderful sulphur springs behind the town, whose curative powers are said to be something almost miraculous.

It has real barbers' shops, two dry goods stores, a Santa Fe "Branch Grocery," and a "Wholesale and Retail Clothing House," in addition to the more modest one-story, square front shops, where variety rather than quality seems to be the principal requirement. And lastly there is a bank, not of the kind connected with the game of faro—there are a dozen of these further down the street in less pretentious buildings, along with an excessive number of drinking places.

But Ramonas seldom points out these latter institutions to the stranger when showing him the "lions" of the place. The visitor can see them—and hear them for that matter—for himself, particularly after dark.

This was so in the case of three well-dressed strangers on a certain sultry July evening about a week after the final descent of the Rio Salinas. I say strangers—as they were in Ramonas; but not to us—by name at least.

Though indeed it would be difficult to recognize James Amsted of Cattle Island in the bronzed, good-looking man with iron-gray mustache and hair cut to regulation length, who, except for seeming to feel somewhat ill at ease in a new suit of tweed, showed no signs of having lived the life of a hermit for more than twelve years.

"The place hasn't changed much for the better since I was here in 1870," said Mr. Amsted, with a shrug of his shoulders, as the trio stood on the corner of the main street, while the sound of revelry from saloon and dance house resounded on every side.

"I shall be glad when we get out of it," returned

Phil, in whose outward appearance, as also that of Tom, quite as great a metamorphosis had taken place.

For Phil and his father had decided to strike across the country—"make back tracks," Phil said—in the direction of Flat Top Mountain. If Montez and his companions were there, it was their intention to dispossess them by force or otherwise, as circumstances required. For, according to the miner's code, the first comers had the legal claim, and Phil, as sole representative, intended, with the help of the others, to assert his rights.

So Phil and his father had begun making inquiries relative to guides and prospectors, as well as other matters connected with the proposed trip, from which Tom tried in vain to dissuade them.

No; the gold was there, and neither of them had any home ties to keep them from seeking it anew. Tom, on the other hand, had a home in the East, with abundant means in the future. Moreover, he had confessed to a secret yearning for the flesh pots and bean pots of New England. Even his stepfather's pomposity and other attendant inconveniences did not seem so difficult to endure, after his recent experiences. And with a sort of mischievous satisfaction he thought of the expression that would appear on the face of that gentleman when he came to listen to his stepson's narration of all that had befallen him.

Only one thing was keeping Tom back from immediate departure.

He had written to John Bruton, announcing his arrival at Ramonas, and was awaiting a reply. Possibly he hoped to receive an invitation back to the Home Ranch—in which case I think Tom would have postponed his return East a few weeks. But while I have been making these necessary explanations, Mr. Amsted had turned back to meet a prospector who had appointed an interview, leaving Tom and Phil to their own devices.

"Don't get into any trouble, boys," said Mr. Amsted, when he left them. Though in his own mind Amsted was firmly convinced that two young fellows who had been through their experiences could not easily get into any trouble from which they were not able to extricate themselves without outside interference.

The street before them presented a novel and rather lively appearance. A little squad of blue-coated boys, on their way to one of Uncle Sam's forts, were marching toward their temporary barracks to the music of fife and drum. Pueblo Indians on foot or donkey back passed from time to time. Mexicans in gay serapes touched elbows with gentlemen in broadcloth. Emigrants and teamsters lounged about the numerous drinking saloons.

Now the two were themselves standing close to the open door of the "Ramonas Exchange." All sorts and conditions of men were passing in and out. The rattle of dice and chinking of money blended with the jingle of glasses and chatter of tongues.

"I drops five dollar on der ace. Dón' you understands?"

Above the babel rose a familiar voice, at the sound of which both Phil and Tom gave a simultaneous start! With one accord both turned, and, entering the gaudily frescoed apartment, pushed their way to the further end.

In the midst of the crowd surrounding one of the four gaming tables, stood a broad-shouldered man in a startling suit of combined check and plaid. He wore a tall hat and spotless linen. A brilliant glittered in his shirt front, while on either forefinger of his big horny hands was a solitary diamond. Surely this clean-shaven individual with shiny boots and a white necktie was not—

"Dutch Geary? Yes dot wos my name once! Now, it shall be William Geary mit a 'Mister' before it. You hear me?"

This in reference to a remark from a bystander which his sharp ears had just caught, regarding his own personality.

A good-natured laugh followed Mr. Geary's emphatic rejoinder. And as the ex-pro prospector gathered up his winnings, Tom and Phil slapped him on either shoulder at one and the same time.

Geary's face of astonishment, as, making themselves known, the two drew him one side, was good to see.

"You say not one word, yet! Come in dis way." Opening a door at the rear, Geary, who appeared to be quite at home, ushered the two into a gaudily furnished apartment, where a female dressed in corre-

sponding style, was sitting by an open window, fanning herself.

"My dear this vos one old frent," said Geary pulling Tom forward, as the woman who had a certain dark wild beauty, rose from her chair. "It's Tom—don't you remembers?" For her face at first showed no signs of recognition.

"Nanita?" Tom exclaimed in bewildered astonishment.

"That vos her name once. Mrs. William Geary it shall be now."

Mrs. William Geary extended her slim brown hand with perfect coolness, showing a dazzling set of white teeth as she did so.

"Bueno. Nanita remembers. You make better white fellow than Indian. You see your sweetheart—Dolly—since you come this way?"

Phil smothered a laugh as Tom, very hot, and confused, denied any definite knowledge as to Miss Bruton's whereabouts. Then with a gesture, Tom and Phil were waved to seats.

"Now tell us all about it," both cried in a breath, addressing Geary.

"There vos not much to tell." But his astonished listeners thought differently when Mr. Geary went on with his narration. The tragedy on the plateau—Montez's strange death, to which Nanita listened without the slightest show of emotion—and the ensuing adventures of Geary.

"It was me or der Mexican—dot, any fool might know," said the prospector, taking off his tall hat with evident relief and placing it carefully on a stand at his elbow, "and der Mexican is no count on der shoot 'cept he get somewheres behind."

"He gets not behind you, amingo mio," remarked Nanita, with a suggestive smile.

"No! I gets der drop on him mitout much troubles. Then I buries der two and haf full swing—see?"

His hearers replied in the affirmative. The full significance of the situation after Geary was—so to speak—in charge of the plateau, had not dawned upon them.

"I was so full of mad when I thinks you bot' was drown I do nothin' but swear one little while. Then—I think of der pay dirt them fellers have brought up. There it was spread out on two blanket. And I lugs fifty—sixty—pound to time to der spring, where I wash out so well as I can—efery day for one week. Nefer I see no such pay dirt as dot! But, nefer mind. I makes bags mit buff'lo to hide, and gets 'em down to der wagon. I haf plenty boss to help der mule and Phil's bronco. So I cross der plain till I rives here. I sells der gold. I meets Nanita. Would she marry me? She would. Dot settles it. She board here mit me till we buy der ranch in New Mexico next to der one of John Bruton—"

"What! Uncle Jack hasn't drifted this way?" interrupted impetuous Phil.

"He haf not drift, dot I can say. But he lose so much monies las' winter mit der cattle freeze, he sells out and buys der ranch of Manuel Peritz twenty mile sout' of Ramonas. He say—so I was tol'—he try one year. Then, if he haf not make much monies, he shall go to der East."

"But, William, there is something else you have to say to these."

Nanita, as we shall still call her for the short time of her appearance in these pages, leaned back as she thus spoke and waved her fan languidly to and fro with the grace of a Spanish lady of rank.

"Somethings more. Oh, I did mos' forget!" Geary turned himself directly to Tom and Phil. "I thinks you vos bot' drown but it vos all guess. Any way there is heirs somevers. So I haf deposit one-third of der whole find of der gold on Flat Top Mountain, for each, in der bank here, till I shall advertise for der heirs. It is fifty t'ousan' dollar apiece—all same as I take for me and Nanita. One hundred and fifty-seven t'ousan' der gold bring. Der seven t'ousan' I subtrac's for expense one way and 'noder. And dot shall be all der gold ever come from Flat Top Mountain."

"All—why?"

In answer to the simultaneous query, Geary smiled in a mysterious sort of way.

"You haf not heard? No, of course not. Well, I shall not leaf Flat Top Mountain more as twelf hour when der ground shake mit der trembles! Way back I see der mountain shoots up like one fireworks on Fort July—only more so. And der prospector dot come on nex' day from dot way say no mountain vos lef'—it

all shall be tumbled to pieces mit der ashes covering ev'rytings haf a mile deep!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

TOM TURNS CHAMPION.

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!"

Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled,
Heavy to get and light to hold."

Phil chanted Hood's oft-quoted lines—partly as an escape valve for his repressed excitement—as on the morning following he stood with Tom, looking from the long, opened window of the Mammoth Hotel into the street.

Mr. Amsted had gone to the bank, where the money so strangely set apart was deposited, to inquire what steps were to be taken for the transfer of their respective shares to Tom and Phil.

Tom, scarcely less excited than his friend at Geary's unexpected revelations, had hardly noticed Phil's outburst. He was busy thinking. The news of the nearness of John Bruton had almost as much effect as that concerning the bank deposit itself.

Tom was mentally determining to reconsider his decision as to ranching. With such abundant means at his disposal he could buy a well stocked ranch here in New Mexico, where winter was only a name, without suffering the losses incident upon "blizzards" and the general severity of the climate further north.

Perhaps he could locate—well, say somewhere in the vicinity of John Bruton's ranch. This would be pleasant all round. Not unlikely, Mr. Amsted and Phil might join him. And then he would be near Dol—that is—near his friend, John Bruton.

Some intimation of all this Tom made to his friend.

"It wouldn't be a bad plan," added Tom, with an air of affected carelessness, "to ride out to Bruton's ranch to-day or to-morrow, to see what points he can give us as to the chances, eh, Phil?"

"Or to see—Dolly," suggested Phil, whose eyes were full of suppressed laughter. And then edging toward the door, through which his father had just entered the dismal, barren smoking room and office combined, Phil began sotto voce:

"There was a young fellow from East
Whose spirits were buoyant as yeast,
But sad and melancholy
And possibly—"

The concluding rhymes had to be omitted. There was nothing handier than a tattered business directory on the hacked writing table, and this Tom hurled after the retreating form of his friend, to the astonishment of a little knot of Raymona tourists who had been taking in the town.

Mr. Amsted laughed. Tom smiled—rather shamefacedly.

"Phil's nonsense verses are something new," he said, in lieu of any more relevant speech. "He's taken them up instead of banjo playing."

"Well, it's a harmless amusement," returned Mr. Amsted. "I'd a hundred times rather he'd take to nonsense in such shapes than after that fashion."

Mr. Amsted jerked his thumb contemptuously over his shoulder at the chattering tourists, who happened to be a lot of young fellows between sixteen and twenty, of the most pronounced dudish type.

Eyeglasses, thick sticks held by the middle, ulsters with shoulder capes, high collars, and all the rest of the Anglomaniacs' folly were supplemented by the smoke of half a dozen cigarettes in full blast.

"Cholly made a regular mash of a doosid pretty girl out on the wanch we visited yesterday," drawled one of this interesting group during a brief pause in the conversation.

"Cholly," who was an insipid youth with a budding mustache, laughed airily as the eyes of his admiring companions were turned toward him.

"Oh, come now, Depewster, 'pon honor, you're too bad. Shouldn't give away a friend's little private love affairs, don't you know? It was only a bit of flirtation—"

"Tell us her name, Cholly—we'll drink her health at the bar," chorused a couple of these delightful youths.

"Cholly" simpered, and felt for his feeble mustache.

"Well, fellers, the ranch belonged to an old chap name of Bruton—and as he called the little girl Dolly, why—"

"Cholly" got no further. For the simple reason that he was suddenly seized by the collar and violently impelled through one of the long windows.

A bullock team, whose half-naked Mexican driver was collecting the decayed fruit and vegetable forming part of the street debris, was passing just beneath; and before the astonished tourists could recover from their surprise, the boastful dude was unceremoniously dumped on top of the load.

"If any one of you wants to be served in the same manner," quietly remarked Tom, who, I need hardly say, was the principal actor in the little scene, "you've only to bring the name of the young lady, just mentioned by the idiotic ass crawling out of the garbage cart, into any further conversation while you're stopping here."

"Bravo, Tom," exclaimed Mr. Amsted, "and allow

me to add, that if any one of them does dare to speak of my niece in public, I'll knock the top of his head off?"

Tom's stalwart proportions and Mr. Amsted's agreeable threat, combined with the little scene which had just taken place, were too much for the nerves of the dudish tourists. With one accord they retreated to the street, where "Cholly," minus his eyeglass and hat, was receiving sarcastic congratulations from a crowd of idlers who had gathered about him, as he lifted up his voice in wild lamentation. And the incident was afterward telegraphed to the Associated Press as a "Glaring Outrage upon a Tourist in New Mexico!"

Perhaps it was Dolly's name thus brought up which decided Tom not to put off his purposed ride to the ranch until the day following.

Be this as it may, half an hour later saw Phil and himself mounted on two hired horses, riding out of town in the direction of Bruton's ranch.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cryptogram

A STORY OF
NORTH-WEST CANADA

BY

WM. MURRAY GRAYDON

Author of "A Legacy of Peril," "In Forbidden Nepal," etc.

("THE CRYPTOGRAM" was commenced in No. 27. Back numbers can be obtained of all newsdealers.)

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT.



WHEN I heard Mackenzie's name pronounced by those fair lips, and realized that the scoundrel had dared to force his way to Miss Hatherton's bed chamber, I was put in such a rage as I had never known before. I did not wait for further information, but, brushing past the girl, I leaped through the open window. There was a narrow balcony beyond it—as I knew—which ran along the side of the house, and looked down on a paved courtyard overshadowed by an adjoining building.

Being familiar with the hotel, I was at no loss to account for the means by which the villain had entered and fled. I dashed at once to the end of the balcony, which was within easy reach of the limbs of a tree that grew up from the court. As I peered down from the shadows, I heard a rustling noise, and the next instant I saw a man at the base of the tree; it must have taken him all this time to descend the trunk. I was sure that I recognized Mackenzie, and as he made off I took aim with my pistol and fired. A sharp cry and an oath followed the report, but the fellow sped on to the end of the court, where a passage led out to a back street. Here a voice hailed him; showing that one or more had shared his enterprise.

But a moment had passed since I leaped out of the window, and now I found Captain Rudstone at my side.

"Did you hit him?" he demanded.

"I think so," I replied; "but he ran like a deer."

"He'll not run far if I can get sight of him. To take the scoundrel will be a good card in our hands!"

With that the captain swung himself into the tree,

and went down hand over hand, from limb to limb, with the agility of a cat. He was on the ground almost before I could have counted ten.

"Do not follow me," he called up; and then he vanished in the shadows across the court.

I would have preferred to take a part in the chase, but I swallowed my disappointment and returned along the balcony. The pistol-shot had raised some clamor in the neighborhood. I could hear men shouting, and several lights were moving in the opposite house. I climbed through the window into the room, where I found Monsieur and Madame Ragoul and their three servants all in a state of excitement. Miss Hatherton had by this time put on a dressing-gown and slippers, and she seemed to have entirely recovered from her fright. She blushed prettily as she saw me.

"You have not killed him, Mr. Carew?" she asked.

"I fear not," I replied; "but Captain Rudstone hopes to take him."

"It will be a shame if he escapes," cried Madame Ragoul. "Oh, the pig—the wicked robber! He might have strangled the pretty English mademoiselle!"

The servants were rolling their eyes and shivering with fear, and Monsieur Ragoul was dancing about, with his red nightcap hanging to one ear.

"I am ruined!" he wailed. "The good name of my house is gone! Never—never did such a thing happen before! The officers of the law will enter—they will demand to know why a pistol is fired to waken the quarter!"

"Coward, be quiet!" snapped his wife. "The affair is no fault of ours."

I judged it was time to interfere. The distant clamor had not perceptibly increased, and I saw some chance of keeping the matter a secret, which was a thing greatly to be desired.

"Monsieur Ragoul, I think there need be no pub-

licity," said I. "Will you be so good as to close the window and draw the curtains, and also put out that candle you are holding?"

He obeyed me promptly, and just as the room was darkened Baptiste made a tardy appearance. I explained the situation to him in a few words, and then I turned to Miss Hatherton.

"I trust you are none the worse," I said. "I deeply regret that you should have suffered such an outrage—"

"And I am sorry to have put you to so much trouble on my account," she interrupted. "This is twice you have come to my help at a time of need."

"Then I am twice honored," I replied. "But, tell me, was the scoundrel indeed Mr. Mackenzie?"

"I am sure of it, Mr. Carew. I woke suddenly, and saw him standing in the moonlight at the foot of my bed. When I screamed the second time he vanished through the window. It was the shock that unnerved me. I beg you to believe that I am not ordinarily a coward."

"The adventure would have terrified the bravest of women," I answered. Bending to her ear, I added, in a whisper: "As for Mr. Mackenzie, I take it he was seeking the dispatches?"

"Yes, he doubtless thought I still had them," Miss Hatherton replied. "I am afraid he will pay dearly for his folly if Captain Rudstone overtakes him."

Even as she spoke a startling thing happened. In the silence of the room we all heard the faint report of a pistol. The sound came from some distance away, and in the direction of the upper town.

"That was the captain's shot," I declared.

"Or Mr. Mackenzie's," the girl suggested, in a tone of alarm.

"The saints save us!" cried Monsieur Ragoul. "This is worse and worse!"

I was for going out to investigate, but Miss Hatherton would have it that such a step meant danger, and I yielded reluctantly to her pleadings. However, I persuaded the little Frenchman to let me into the courtyard, by which way I knew the captain would return if he was able. We went down stairs, accompanied by Baptiste, and Monsieur Ragoul unbarred and opened the side door.

When I stepped into the court I was relieved to discover that the immediate neighborhood was comparatively quiet. But at a distance, in the direction whence the shot had come, a confused clamor was audible. I had been listening no more than a minute when I heard footsteps, and across the moonlit court came Captain Rudstone. My heart leaped for joy at the sight of him. Without a word he motioned us into the house, and closed and fastened the door. Then I knew that he had bad news.

"Monsieur Ragoul," he said, "will you go and tell Miss Hatherton to dress at once, and to put in a parcel as many of her belongings as she can carry in one hand. Be quick!"

The Frenchman dared not ask any questions. He departed in a state of alarm and mystery, and Baptiste and I were left alone with the captain. The latter rested a hand on my shoulder.

"Mr. Carew," he said, gravely, "you remember the question I put to you an hour ago? You have no longer any choice in the matter: we must leave Quebec at once—within a few minutes. That is, if we can."

"What do you mean?" I asked, hoarsely. "What has happened?"

"Much," he replied. "In the first place, you wounded Mr. Mackenzie in the right arm. In the second place, I followed the ruffians for a quarter of a mile—there were two of them—and finally came up with them at a lonely spot. I tried to take them both, but they resisted fiercely. To save my own life I shot and killed Mackenzie's companion, a Northwest man named Tredennis. Mackenzie fled, raising the alarm as he ran, and by a detour I got back to the hotel unobserved."

"There is likely to be trouble over the affair," said I; and indeed I felt more alarm than I put into my voice.

"Trouble?" cried the captain, with some irritation. "By Heavens, Mr. Carew, it's as black an outlook as I ever faced! Mackenzie knows his power, and he will hatch up a devil of a lie. In Quebec feeling runs high against the Hudson Bay people, and the authorities

openly favor the Northwest Company. I tell you there will be warrants out for our arrest within the hour—perhaps in less time. And you must perceive what the result will be if we are taken. Lord Selkirk's despatches will fall into the hands of our enemies; you and I will be thrown into prison. And God only knows what will become of Miss Hatherton!"

I felt a sensation as of a hand clutching at my heart. I knew that the situation was as dismal as Captain Rudstone had painted it—that we could not expect fair dealing from the authorities of Quebec. And the thought of the girl's peril, if she should be left to the wiles of Cuthbert Mackenzie, put me in a mind to accept any opportunity of escape that offered.

"What is your plan?" I asked.

"The Yankee ship Speedwell sails for the Bay in the morning," the captain replied. "She lies anchored a short distance down the river, and we must get on board as soon as possible. I have known her master, Hiram Bunker, of Salem, for several years."

I made no objection to the arrangement. Baptiste had been listening, and a few sentences put everything clear to him. He was a trusty fellow, and I saw a way to utilize his services.

"Off with you to the river—to the landing at the foot of Bonaventure street," I directed. "There are plenty of boats about. Get possession of one, and wait for us."

Captain Rudstone warmly approved this step. We let Baptiste into the court, locked the door, and hurried up stairs. In the hall we encountered Miss Hatherton, fully dressed and carrying a small bundle. The brave girl had promptly obeyed instructions, though ignorant of what they meant. When we explained our purpose she showed an admirable pluck and spirit, putting herself entirely in our hands, and urging us to be off without delay. Monsieur Ragoul seemed disposed to give us some trouble at first, but that blew over when we presented him with a few gold pieces, and pointed out to him that our departure was for his own good. Our destination, of course, we did not reveal.

In ten minutes more we were ready to start. My musket was strapped to my back, and the captain and I had each a bundle containing a change of clothes. We came quietly down the dark stairs, monsieur and madame leading the way, and the servants bringing up the rear. Traversing the hall, we turned toward the side exit. And just then, on the front door of the hotel we heard a loud and sudden thumping.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SKIPPER OF THE SPEEDWELL.

The alarm took us by surprise, for we had expected to get the start on our enemies by at least half an hour. That the officers of the law were at the door none of us doubted. We stood still where we were, and in a whisper the captain admonished us to be quiet. There was a brief silence, and then the rapping began again.

"What am I to do," whispered Monsieur Ragoul, and so loudly that his wife promptly clapped a hand over his mouth.

"They have come to seize us," said I, in a low voice. "I fear we are in a trap, with no choice but to yield or fight."

"Resistance would be folly," Captain Rudstone replied, quickly, "and for Miss Hatherton's sake we must not be taken. There is a chance for us yet—it is possible that the back way from the house has been left unguarded."

"Then let us be off at once," I urged, taking courage from his suggestions.

As I spoke, a lull came in the pounding, and a voice cried, loudly, "Open! Open!"

Monsieur Ragoul was fairly beside himself with terror, and the servants were as helpless as himself; so the captain and I had to act for ourselves, and that without the loss of another second. We found the side door, opened it and closed it softly behind us when we stepped into the court. The pounding at the front of the house had started afresh, and there was a clamor off in the distance; but so far as we could see by the moonlight this rear avenue of escape was open.

The captain led the way forward, and I followed with Miss Hatherton at my side; her hand rested on my arm, and I could not detect the slightest tremor

in her touch. We glided swiftly across the court, and entered a narrow passage leading to the street beyond. We were just at the end of it when a man appeared abruptly from one side and barred the way.

"Not so fast!" he exclaimed, with a movement to draw a weapon. "Stop, in the name of—"

The fellow got no further, for quickly the captain had him pinned by the throat. The two fell after a brief scuffle, and I heard somebody's head give the stone an ugly rap. The captain jumped to his feet, but the other man lay motionless and quit.

"Is he dead?" Miss Hatherton asked, in a horrified whisper.

I bent over the fellow, and recognized him as one of the town watch.

"He is only stunned," I replied; "but he got a bad fall, and won't know anything for a couple of hours."

Meanwhile Captain Rudstone had ventured out of the passage to reconnoitre, and he called to us sharply to join him. We did so, and were relieved to find that the street was dark and empty.

"I feared the man would have companions with him," said I. "It seems he came round here alone."

"Yes, luckily for us," the captain replied. "There will be a pretty row before long; that scoundrel Mackenzie has wasted no time in showing his hand. But I think we are fairly safe, and if the skipper of the Speedwell is open to reason we shall be going down the river under full sail within the hour."

"I hope so, indeed," I replied. "You say the man is a friend of yours?"

"He owes me more than one service, Mr. Carew. But enough of speech! Do you and Miss Hatherton follow me closely, and avoid any appearance of alarm or haste."

We had already crossed the street that lay in the rear of the Silver Lily, and entered one at right angles to it. There was a great deal of noise behind us, and for this reason there was the more danger to be apprehended from the front, since the alarm had roused some of the inhabitants of the quarter from their beds. Here and there men passed us with sharp glances, and curious faces peered down at us from open windows. But none stopped us, so boldly and with such unconcern did we comport ourselves, and after threading a maze of the straggling and dirty little thoroughfares, we came out on Bonaventure street at a point close to the river.

And now we made a discovery that was very discomfiting. Looking up in the direction of the hotel, we could see vaguely-moving figures, and there was a sound of shouting and running that swelled louder on the air.

"Our escape has been discovered," said I.

"Without a doubt," replied Captain Rudstone; "and, what is worse, the chase is coming this way. Some persons whom we met have given information. But the river is close at hand, and our pursuers have barely started from the Silver Lily."

"Will we escape them?" Miss Hatherton inquired, anxiously.

"Assuredly," said I, in spite of a lurking doubt. "Keep up your courage. We are almost within reach of safety."

We quickened our pace—this end of the street was deserted—and fifty yards more brought us to the water's edge. The captain and I felt a fear that neither of us put into words, but happily it proved unfounded; for at the landing-steps, a short distance below, the faithful Baptiste was waiting with a boat—a deep, roomy little craft which he had found near by. At once we got in. Baptiste retreated to the bow, and Miss Hatherton and myself occupied the stern seat. The captain took the oars, and he wisely made the most of the opportunity by pulling straight out from shore and in between the shipping that was anchored hereabouts. It is a wonder we fared so well, for swinging lanterns shed their light upon us, and we passed under decks where men were pacing their night watches. But no inquisitive voices hailed us, and we glided safely through to the open river and turned down stream with the current. The tangle of masts and spars receded behind us, hiding the spot where we had embarked, and for five minutes we drifted on in the moonlight, our hearts too full for speech. Then Miss Hatherton broke the silence.

"Is the ship that we are seeking near or far?" she asked.

Captain Rudstone turned in his seat, and pointed to a dark object about half a mile below us.

"There lies the Speedwell," he replied, "a quarter of a mile out from shore, and by herself."

This was reassuring news, but there were perils still to be reckoned with. A great hue and cry was spreading along the town's edge, mainly in the direction of the landing stairs, and we looked for a boat to appear behind us at any moment. Also, to my mind, there was some uncertainty as to the reception the Speedwell's skipper would give us.

However, there was no sign of pursuit within the next five minutes, and by that time we were alongside of the ship, which was a tidy brig of some hundred and fifty tons burden. Her sea-gear was rove and her sails stowed. Several heads looked over her bulwark as we made fast, and a voice hailed us sharply.

"That you, Bunker?" the captain replied.

"Yes. Who are you?" came suspiciously.

"Myles Rudstone."

There was an exclamation of surprise, and a moment later a rope ladder was thrown down to us. Baptiste and I and the girl preceded the captain, and as he followed us he cast the boat adrift. At the first sight, seeing him on deck by the glare of a lantern, I was favorably impressed by Hiram Bunker. He was a short, thick-set man, with a sandy beard and a shrewd, good-natured face. He scanned Miss Hatherton and myself with open amazement, and shook hands heartily with Captain Rudstone.

"Glad to meet you again, sir," he cried, in a nasal voice. "My mate wakened me up to listen to the row over yonder"—pointing to the shore—"and that's why I'm on deck at this hour. I might have guessed you had a hand in the rumpus. But what does it mean, anyway?"

The captain explained, making the situation thoroughly clear, and the little skipper listened with thoughtful attention.

"It's an ugly scrape," was his grave comment.

"It is that; but you can get us out of it. What do you say?"

"I say I'll do it," cried the skipper. "I'm a Hudson Bay man at heart, and I'll save the lot of you—hang the risk!"

"And you will sail at once?"

"At once. I've got my full cargo on board, and I was only waiting for daylight to start. It's not far off that now. But, shiver my timbers, if there don't come the rascals you thought you had slipped!"

He pointed up the river, and I saw a long boat approaching swiftly. It was still a good distance off, but there was not a moment to lose, and the skipper was aware of the fact. He hastily roused the crew, and I never saw a more pleasing sight than that hardy lot of men as they set to work to unfurl the sails and get the vessel under way.

Miss Hatherton stood with me at the bulwark, holding to my arm, and asking me what I thought of the situation. I hardly knew how to answer her, for there was no telling as yet what was going to happen. A stiff breeze was blowing ready for the canvas, and when the anchor was lifted we began to drift. But meanwhile the boat had come up close, and with evident determination to board us. It held ten men, and they were mostly at the oars.

"Sheer off, there!" cried the skipper. "What do you want?"

"You are sheltering fugitives from the law," a harsh voice replied. "Give them up. It's a case of murder!"

The skipper refused in plain terms, and catching a sudden gleam of steel, he shouted, savagely:

"If you come any nearer or fire a single shot I'll give you a volley of ten guns!"

By this time the ship was under way and moving with full canvas spread. The pursuing boat fell back, its occupants yelling curses and threats; and so the danger passed. The Speedwell bore swiftly on, leaving a foamy wake dancing on the bosom of the St. Lawrence, and in my delight I felt tempted to throw my arms about Miss Hatherton. Captain Rudstone joined us, and with thankful hearts we watched the lights of Quebec fading in the distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOSE TO PORT.

I need make but brief mention of the long cruise that followed our escape, of the days that passed slowly

while we worked our way down the mighty St. Lawrence, out to the open Atlantic by the rocky gates of Newfoundland, and thence up the coast of Labrador, to Hudson Straits. For the most part wind and weather favored us, yet it was a matter of six weeks before we got into the bay and made sail across that inland waste of water toward our destination, Fort York, which was far down in the south-western corner. The distance from Quebec by land would have been far less. Our course, as a map will show, was along the three sides of a square.

The Speedwell was a sound little ship, and carried a mixed cargo to be delivered at the Hudson Bay posts. We were well fed and snugly berthed, Miss Hatherton having a cosy cabin all to herself. The crew were good fellows, and Hiram Bunker was a typical New England skipper—bluff, honest and popular. I did not see very much of him, for he and Captain Rudstone became boon companions and stuck well together. It was the same with the captain. Indeed, he seemed to take pains to avoid me, except when others were present, thereby causing me some perplexity and chagrin. And if we happened to find ourselves alone he appeared ill at ease, and would look at me in a strange and shifty manner, as though he had something on his mind. But for all that the time did not hang heavily on my hands, nor was the voyage an uneventful one to me, as I shall relate in a few words.

It came about, naturally enough, that Miss Hatherton and I spent the long days together. In less than a fortnight we were calling each other by our Christian names. Secluded in some nook of the deck, we would talk for hours, or I would read aloud from one of the few volumes that the skipper's cabin afforded. She told me much of her life in London. Her father had been a gentleman of some means until speculation wrecked him, and later she confided to me the whole of her sad story.

There was more than I had known before, as Captain Rudstone suggested. It seems that prior to her father's death the only son of Lord Selkirk fell in love with the girl. She did not return his affection, and, indeed, she disliked the young man. But the old lord was either ignorant of this fact or would not believe it. He had higher matrimonial views for his son, and so, in order to get Miss Hatherton out of England, he hatched the plot that resulted in the poor girl making her father a sacred promise that she would go to the Canadas and marry Griffith Hawke. She had no relatives to interfere, and a cruel disadvantage was taken of her helplessness and poverty. She spoke of the matter only on the one occasion, and it did not come up between us again. Nor had I the heart to mention it, since she was clearly resigned to her future.

But I pitied the girl deeply, and I would have been more than human, with the opportunities afforded, had I not fallen a victim to her charms and loveliness. I did not perceive where I was drifting. I did not realize my danger until it was too late. In short, I, who had hitherto felt but contempt for all womankind, suddenly discovered that I was a slave to the great passion. It was a sharp awakening, and it destroyed my peace of mind. To me Flora Hatherton was a divinity, a goddess. It gave me the keenest torture to think that she would soon be the wife of old Griffith Hawke. I knew that she was as far out of my reach as the stars above, and yet I felt that I should love her passionately all my life—that the memory of her sweet face would shatter all the joys of existence for me.

I could have cursed myself for being such a fool, and I hated the factor for sending me on such a mission. It never entered my head to play him false and try to win Flora, nor did I believe there was any chance of doing so. Day after day we were together, and with Spartan courage I hid my feelings—or, at least, I thought I was hiding them. It was a hard

task, for every word or look that the girl gave me seemed to turn my blood to fire. That she was indifferent to me—that she regarded me only as a friend—I was convinced. I was a youngster and inexperienced, and so I was blind to the girl's pretty blushes, to the averting of her eyes when they would meet mine, and to other signs of confusion that I remembered afterward. To remain at Fort Royal, a witness of Griffith Hawke's domestic happiness, I knew to be impossible. I determined to seek a new post, or to plunge far into the northern wilderness, as soon as I should have delivered Flora at her destination.

The days slipped by, fraught with mingled joy and bitterness, and at sunset one chilly August evening I stood alone on deck by the port bulwark. The wind was rising, and there was a clammy mist on the grey, troubled waters. We were nearly across the bay, and in the morning we expected to sight the marshy shores that lay about Fort York. Flora was in her cabin. She had seemed depressed all day, and I remembered that an hour before, when the skipper told her how near we were to land, she had smiled at me sadly and gone below. I had no wish for the voyage to end. The thought of the morrow cut me like a knife, and I was lost in gloomy reflections, when a hand clapped me on the shoulder. I turned round with a start, and saw Captain Rudstone.

"A few hours more, Mr. Carew," he said, "and we shall be dropping anchor under the walls of the fort. Do you expect to meet your factor there?"

"It is doubtful," I replied. "He will hardly look for our arrival so soon. We took an earlier ship, you will remember, and our passage has been a swift one."

"It was a dangerous passage," he said, meaningly—"at least, for you. I take it you will be glad of a few more days of grace. But may I ask—I happen to have a curiosity—how this thing is to end?"

"What thing?" I cried, ruffling at once.

"You love Miss Hatherton," he answered, with a smile.

I felt my face grow hot.

"Does that concern you?" I demanded, curtly. "I will thank you to mind your own affairs, Captain Rudstone."

"The girl loves you," he replied, calmly.

"I don't believe it," said I.

"Bah! you are a blind fool," he muttered. "I gave you credit for more perception. But it is just as I said—the girl returns your affection. What are you going to do about it? Will you allow her to marry Griffith Hawke?"

I could have struck the captain for his jesting tone, and yet at the same time I detected a ring of truth in what he had said. It flashed upon me that I had indeed been blind, and the revelation thrilled my heart.

"Miss Hatherton is the promised wife of Griffith Hawke," I answered, hoarsely; "and Griffith Hawke is my superior officer. I am acting under his orders, and I dare not betray my trust. I am a man of honor, and not a knave. I scorn your suggestions, sir."

"Do you call it honorable," sneered the captain, "to help this innocent girl, whose heart belongs to you, to marry another man?"

I looked at him with some confusion for, to tell the truth, I had no answer ready to my lips. And just then Hiram Bunker strode up to us, his countenance unusually grave.

"It's going to be a nasty night, or I'm no mariner," he exclaimed. "There's a storm brewing, and we are perilously near the coast. I don't like the prospect a bit, gentlemen."

Captain Rudstone made some fitting reply, but I was in no mood to heed the skipper's words, or to give a second thought to the prophecy of a storm. I left the two together, and with my brain in a whirl I crept down to the seclusion of my cabin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A YOUNG BREADWINNER;

OR,

GUY HAMMERSLEY'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

The Story of a Brave Boy's Struggle for Fame in the Great Metropolis.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

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("A YOUNG BREADWINNER" was commenced in No. 22. Back numbers can be obtained of all newsdealers.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STRANGE NIGHT ADVENTURE.



QUARTER of an hour later Ruth, who had gone in to see if Mrs. Hammersley wanted anything, returned, and, looking over her brother's shoulder said, in her cheerful way: "Well, Ward, how many jokes have you reeled off by this time?"

"None," the boy was compelled to answer, adding, honestly: "It isn't quite as easy as I thought it was. But I don't believe I set to work the right way. Most of the jokes are about common, every-day things and happenings, so perhaps I'd get along faster if, instead of trying to concentrate my thoughts on the gray matter in my brain and look at nothing, I just sat quietly and gaze about the room till my eye lighted on something to which I could hang a joke."

Suiting the action to the word, Ward transferred his glances from the ceiling to the various objects around the apartment. Suddenly they rested on puss, asleep at Harold's feet, and instantly the joke maker's lips began to move noiselessly. It was evident he had hit on an idea, and was struggling to give it expression.

"It doesn't fit as pat as I hope to make it after a little polishing," he said, when he had scribbled a few lines on the sheet of paper that had for so long remained ominously white; "but tell me what you think of this," and he read:

"Why is a tabby asleep on a tree trunk like the list of publications sent out by a publishing house? Because it is a catalogue."

The ambitious author looked up expectantly, but Guy said nothing, and Ruth had but the faintest shadow of a smile on her fair face as she said, gently: "But that isn't a joke, my dear Ward, it's a conundrum."

"Well, what of that? That makes it all the better, doesn't it? Getting two things for the price of one, don't you see?"

But Ward did not speak in a very confident tone. It was evident that the cold reception accorded his first effort affected him considerably.

"I told you I hadn't smoothed off the rough edges yet," he said, half apologetically. "You see that 'a' bothers me. It doesn't come in the way it ought to."

It most certainly did not, and after twenty minutes' steady thinking in the effort to subjugate it, poor Ward was forced to give up the attempt in despair, and with it all hope of utilizing Emperor as the text for his initial essay in the field of coming literature.

"But everything requires practice," he tried to encourage himself by reflecting. "I got pretty near it that time. The next trial ought to end in success."

For the second attempt, he got up and began to walk up and down the little room, allowing his eyes to rove in every nook and corner of it.

"Surely I ought to find something funny in a flat," he mused. "The papers have been full of squibs about them for years."

But that was the trouble of it. Every good idea on which he struck, he found, on second thought, to be

the reminiscence of some bright bit he had already read in the papers, and after an hour's further trial, he threw down his pencil in disgust and went off to bed, thoroughly worn out, not to say discouraged.

A week went by. Mrs. Hammersley grew no better, and still required constant attendance, so that Ruth could not think of seeking an opening for teaching. Besides, there was no one but herself to see after the housekeeping. Ward had walked the streets day after day in search of work, and finally succeeded in finding a job in a drug store which brought him in but four dollars a week and required him to work for it fourteen hours a day. But he was so discouraged with his weary quest, that he readily closed with this offer and was fain to consider himself lucky to get even that.

Meanwhile the finances of the little household were being steadily depleted. The doctor was a stranger and must be paid promptly, while the same was the case with the medicines, even though they came from Beman & Bawn's, where Ward was employed.

Already a portion of Guy's income had been encroached upon instead of being rigorously set aside for rent day, now less than three weeks distant. What they were going to do poor Guy could not conceive. He was certainly doing his part, as a salary of ten dollars a week was undeniably a good one for a boy of seventeen, but then it did not go a great way toward supporting five persons.

Night and day poor Guy studied over the problem, but could find no solution, unless indeed a visit to a shop under the sign of the three balls might serve to give them a temporary lift. But every time this thought occurred to him a shudder passed through his frame.

Every fine night he took long walks. He could think more clearly then, it seemed to him. Besides, he needed the exercise; then he could stop for Ward on the way home, for the poor fellow did not get off till eleven. So after dinner he sat by his mother's bedside till she fell asleep, then putting on his hat and coat and leaving Ruth and Harold busy over some book they were reading together, he would go out for a long walk down toward the heart of the city.

One Monday evening Mrs. Hammersley fell asleep while they were at dinner, so Guy started out at seven. By eight he reached the theater district, and just as he was approaching one of the larger houses a carriage, with coachman and footman on the box, drew up before the entrance. The footman sprang down to open the door, and quite a young couple alighted. By the glare of the electric light Guy recognized the fellow he had seen twice before on Fifth Avenue, once walking and the second time driving in style.

Now, as he saw him by the side of a young girl in evening dress, both talking animatedly of the evening's enjoyment before them, Guy was irresistibly reminded of similar episodes in his own life, and for one instant he changed his course and took two steps behind the two, trying to imagine for the moment that his happy past was back again, and that he too had come in a brougham to the playhouse with a fair young companion at his side.

But it was only two steps he took. His hard, prac-

tical sense quickly usurped the place of sentiment, and in another second he had turned on his heel and was taking great strides toward Madison Square, as if eager to put his weakness as far behind him as possible.

He took a longer walk than usual, and when he passed that same theater on his way home again it was half-past ten. The play was not over yet, but just as he reached the entrance to the lobby a young man with his hat pulled down over his eyes and his coat collar turned up came out. As soon as he reached the sidewalk, out of the glare of the lights, he stopped, and leaning his head against the side of the building, groaned aloud.

Thinking the man must have been taken ill and might be in need of assistance, Guy went up to him, and touching him on the shoulder, said kindly: "Excuse me, but you seem to be in trouble. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, if you would be so good as to put me out of existence, and thus do away with the necessity of my committing a crime to accomplish the same thing myself."

The man turned on him suddenly, almost fiercely, and Guy saw that he was quite young, and with a face of singular refinement. Then, while our hero was collecting his thoughts from the confusion to which they had been put by the unexpected response, the stranger went on in a softened tone:

"But I beg your pardon for breaking out in this way. I don't mean it, believe me. You have a good face, and must possess a kind heart. If you will just let me walk with you a way, you can help me by listening to my 'tale of woe,'" and the young man gave a mirthless laugh as he quoted the name of the popular song.

"Certainly," replied Guy. "I am going to walk all the way to Harlem and shall be glad of company part way."

But as he spoke he could not help wondering if he was not imprudent in thus allowing such a very singular stranger to force himself upon him. He might be a confidence man, who had taken this novel means of awakening sympathy.

And yet Guy had nothing about him to lose. A dime or two in his pockets, that was all, for on these night walks he always left his watch at home. However, the glimpse he had had of the young man's face was enough to convince him of the fact that he was no bunco steerer. So the two, thrown together so oddly started off up Broadway together and the stranger, taking Guy's arm, began, very frankly:

"It's funny it should be so and yet simply because I never saw you before and do not even know your name it is easier for me to open my heart to you than it would be to my most intimate friend. He is in fact the very one I most want to avoid. I've left him and all my other friends back there in the theater. I dare say they are wondering where I am and how I feel," and the fellow gave a short, bitter laugh as he threw a glance over his shoulder.

"I wonder if he can be mad?" was the thought that crossed Guy's mind at this juncture. But before he could come to a decision on this point his companion made an announcement that put this possibility out of the question.

"You see I wrote the play that was produced at the Criterion to-night for the first time, and it was a dead failure. I could see that myself by the middle of the first act, but I stood it out till they were half through the fourth, then I cut stick. The place was jammed with all my friends who had come to see my triumph, and I positively couldn't face them after things had turned out the way they did. Indeed I feel as if I never wanted to see any one of them again. I had talked so much about it and let everybody suppose that it was going to have a tremendous run, that I just feel as if I wanted to transfer myself to some place where I shouldn't meet anybody who ever knew me."

"Was it your first play?" Guy ventured to inquire as the other paused, and jabbed savagely with his silver-topped cane at some theater posters on a fence they were passing.

"Yes, and my last," came the prompt reply. "Of course I was lifted to the seventh heaven when it was accepted, and I can see now I acted like an idiot by talking to everybody I met about it, telling them how swimmingly the rehearsals were going and all that."

"But it may not be as bad as you think," Guy went on, really wishing that he could pour some balm on the wounded spirit of this sensitive soul. "Perhaps the piece is already saved by the last act."

"Oh, I know better than that, better than any one else can, how highly improbable that is. Why, it was so bad that the audience got to laughing in the wrong places. Oh, it was fearful. I got as far back in the box as I could and didn't dare go out between the acts for fear of the talk about the 'frightful bore, don't you know,' I should hear in the lobby. I really don't know what's going to become of me."

"Then you had staked everything on the success of this play," said Guy, who naturally just at present looked at all the evils that might befall mankind from a financial standpoint. "Will the loss be very heavy?"

"Oh, I don't care a penny about that. My income can easily foot the bills. It's the social side of the thing that just knocks me over. How can I go out in society again and hear people whispering to one another, 'Oh, there goes Shepard. He was the fellow who wrote that play that failed so dismally at the Criterion?' The only thing for me to do is to keep in the dark till I can find something else connected with the theater, other than play writing, in which I can interest myself."

On hearing these words a project suddenly shaped itself in Guy's mind that for an instant almost took away his breath. It seemed so stupendous, so utterly out of the bounds of possibility.

And yet even though there was but a slender thread on which to hang a hope, ought he to let this opportunity slip without putting out a hand to at least make an attempt at grasping it?

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. ARTHUR SHEPARD.

Guy and his peculiar companion had by this time reached the neighborhood of Central Park, and the former had now learned that the other's name was Arthur Shepard, that he was quite alone in the world so far as immediate family was concerned, although he had a host of relatives eager to fawn upon him by reason of the fortune his father had left him. Having a strong taste for the stage, he had taken up play writing, and, as he numbered among his large list of friends many actors and not a few managers, he had had no difficulty in getting his comedy accepted.

All this he told with the frankness of a child. "Somehow it comforts me," he explained, "to be able to talk in confidence to a fellow I've never seen before. You see it can't do any harm; he doesn't know any of my friends, and he can't very well carry tales. I don't know but gossip would lose all its sting if it were only carried on among total strangers. It would stop every time then, don't you see, with the first person who heard it."

Whether impelled to do so by these philosophic precepts, or influenced by the example set him, Guy is not certain, but he soon found himself telling bits of his own history to Mr. Shepard, and thus the way was paved for him to broach the matter upon which he felt so much might depend.

"Mr. Shepard," he began suddenly, "you just now said you wished you knew of something besides play writing in which you could interest yourself. I wonder if you are not the very person a small half-brother of mine would like to meet."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the other excitedly. "Give me something now, at once, to fill my thoughts in place of this dreadful fiasco, and you will merit my lasting gratitude. You see, my dear boy, the penalty of being born rich. One has got to have a fad to furnish himself with occupation, and when one of these fails him—as mine has just done—he must straightway find another, or die of ennui. Now tell me about this half-brother of yours."

"Well, I only make bold to mention the matter at all," began Guy, "because you have some connection with the theater, and I think therefore that you might be able to take an interest in Harold's aspirations. He wants an opening to become an 'infant phenomenon,' in short, to play 'Fauntleroy.' He knows the story by heart, and ever since he discovered an article in the paper telling how many children there were throughout the country playing the part of the little lord, and giving the amounts of the salary they received, he

has been very anxious to get an opening somewhere, and do his share toward paying the family expenses."

"But has he really talent, do you think?" said Shepard, who was listening with the most rapt attention.

"Miss Farleigh says he has. You see she is the only one to whom the boy has confided his ambitions, and it was only a day or two ago that she told me about them. She says that when they are alone together up there in the flat all day he reels off whole chapters of dialogue from the story. Now I notice that the manager of the Criterion has some of the rights for 'Fauntleroy,' so I thought you might at least bring Harold to my notice."

"How old is the boy, did you say?"

"Just ten."

"Is he dark or light?"

"Light; a blonde, with blue eyes. Oh, he's a regular Cedric Erro in looks."

"Will you bring him down to my rooms in the Jura to-morrow night? English will want something to take the place of my play right off, and if this boy turns out to be a real phenomenon, he can put 'Fauntleroy' right on. If, as you say, he knows the words already, I'll undertake to coach him for the part in a week's time, and manage the tour for him. All this, of course, if he turns out what we both trust he will. I scarcely dare hope it, though. If you knew the number of children that have been brought to English since the Fauntleroy craze started, and had seen for yourself, as I have, how ill qualified they were for the part, you would understand what I mean when I say that I 'scarcely dare hope.' You can come with him down to the Jura to-morrow night, can you? You know where it is."

"Oh, yes, I lived there myself once and have a friend there—Bert Arlington. Perhaps you know him?"

"Arlington! Of course I do, and a nice fellow he is. He can tell you about me, and convince you that I am all right, if you did find me butting my head against a brick wall like a Harlem goat. But I must leave you here. By the time I get back to my rooms everything will have quieted down, and I needn't meet anybody till morning, when I hope I shall have quieted down too, thanks to you."

"To me!" exclaimed Guy in surprise. "Why, I haven't done anything to help you I am sure."

"Why, yes, you have. You came up and spoke kindly to me when you didn't know I had money. I tell you, we chaps who are afflicted with wealth appreciate little things like that. But good-night. Here is my card. I shall expect you and the boy to-morrow night about eight."

He held out his hand, shook Guy's heartily, then turned on his heel and strode rapidly back toward the heart of the town.

"Well, of all the queer adventures I ever had, this is the oddest," soliloquized Guy, as he quickened his own steps in order not to miss going home with Ward. "I'll ask Bert all about Shepard to-morrow. Maybe he's a crank, and is putting on airs about being so wealthy, and all that, although I don't believe it of him. There's that outspoken frankness about the fellow that impels me to trust him almost in spite of myself. Wonder what Ward will say to the affair?"

He reached the drug store just as his friend was leaving, and at once told him the story of his strange encounter.

"By Jove, the fellow had been drinking, hadn't he?" exclaimed Ward, when Guy was about half through the recital.

"No, indeed, he hadn't, or I'd have detected it, but wait till you hear the rest," and Hammersley then went on to tell about Harold and the possibility of his finding an opening to act the star role in a popular play.

"Great Caesar, if that goes through, that ten-year-old will be earning more money a week than you and I put together!" and Ward gave vent to a long low whistle, which might mean either supreme satisfaction or the reverse.

"Well, I believe they get all the way from twenty to seven hundred dollars a week," responded Guy.

"Seven hundred!" ejaculated Ward. "Don't believe it, not to doubt you, Hammersley, but the newspaper in which you saw the statement. But do you suppose his mother will let him act, if this manager says he will do?"

"I think so, if we do not say anything about it till

we bring back a favorable report from Mr. English. So be careful how you speak about the matter at home before we learn the decision."

The next day, as soon as he reached the office, Guy asked Arlington what he knew about Shepard.

"Oh, you mean the fellow whose play failed so dismally at the Criterion last night!" exclaimed Bert. "I was there myself, and a worse fiasco I have never seen, though the actors did their very best to save it. I understand that English has already decided to take it off at the end of the week. But about this Arthur Shepard. Do you know him?"

"I have met him," answered Guy, guardedly. He did not wish to say much about him till he had heard Arlington's opinion of the man.

"Well, you found him a little queer, I'll venture," went on Bert. "But he's an awfully good-hearted chap, and I feel downright sorry for him. Still, he can easily afford to lose any money he's sunk in the venture. He's said to be worth three or four millions."

A customer coming in claimed Guy's attention at this point, and nothing further was said on the subject. But he had learned enough to convince him that Shepard was a gentleman, and when he went home that night he was in a more excitable frame of mind than he had been in since his mother had fallen on the stage at Brilling.

Harold had not been told yet, but as soon as he had seen his mother that night, Guy called the boy into their bedroom and suggested that he had better put on his velvet suit.

"And perhaps Miss Farleigh has a red sash she will lend you," he added. "Your overcoat will hide it while we are on the cars."

"Oh, Guy," cried the boy, his eyes dilating. "Has she told you about it?"

"Yes; and you are going with me to a manager to-night to see what you can do. Who knows but you will be the one to raise the fortunes of the family to the top notch?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

HAROLD APPEARS BEFORE THE MANAGER.

Mr. Arthur Shepard's apartments at the Jura were luxurious in the extreme. The most expensive rugs covered the polished floors, while Japanese screens, oriental pottery and Egyptian relics were scattered about in boundless profusion.

"It reminds me of Grandpa Dodge's," Harold whispered, as the servant ushered them into the drawing-room.

"That shows the stuff the sturdy little chap is made of," reflected Guy. "Not one word of regret for the luxuries he has lost have I ever heard him utter."

It was true. The boy seemed so entirely content at finding his mother that no invidious comparisons between his present mode of life and that which he had enjoyed for the previous four months appeared ever to occur to him. Even now, his remark concerning the similarity of the furnishings to those to which he had been accustomed in Brilling had no trace of regret in it.

Mr. Shepard appeared at once in a velvet smoking jacket, and Guy noticed by the involuntary drawing in of his breath when his eye fell on Harold that the impression produced by the appearance of the boy was a favorable one.

"Mr. English will be here in a moment," he said, as he shook hands. "Ah, here he is now," and he went forward to greet a tall gentleman, with a close-shaven black beard and a searching way of looking at one through his eyeglasses that Guy thought must be particularly trying to Harold under the circumstances.

"This is the boy, then, is it?" he said in a quick, business-like tone, when the introductions had been made.

He walked up to Harold, put his hand on his head for an instant, and placed the latter against his vest, keeping an eye on a certain particular button as he did so.

"Height all right," he commented. "Good figure, too, and just the coloring for Fauntleroy. Now let's hear what you can do, young man. Here, Shepard, take him off into your bedroom yonder, as far away as you can get, and yet have him in sight. I want to see how his voice fills. You know the book pretty well, they

tell me," he went on, turning to Harold. "Can you give us some of that talk of Cedric with his grandfather in the second act?"

"Yes, I know it all by heart," answered Harold readily, looking straight up into Mr. English's eyes; and as the boy walked off with Shepard, Guy heard the manager mutter:

"First class carriage. Doesn't hang his head and look silly when spoken to."

"I'll do the grandfather act," proposed Shepard when they had reached the other room, and hastily putting two chairs and a table in position, he announced that all was ready for Harold to begin.

So without any blushings or stammerings, or inquiries of "Where" the boy started off at "Are you the earl?" and with only slight pauses for the grandfather's replies, which Shepard, not knowing the part, was obliged to fill in with dumb show, went on till he was interrupted by an outburst of hand clapping from Mr. English.

"That will do," said the manager. "If only you can escape stage fright you ought to get through first-rate with a little coaching."

On hearing this, Harold's reserve gave way, and bounding across the floor he came rushing up to Mr. English and demanded, eagerly: "Oh, will I, and will you really give me a chance to play the part? I—I thought it was too good to be true when Guy told me there was a little bit of a chance of it."

"Well, now we will talk it over a little with your brother here while you—" Mr. English hesitated and glanced at Shepard, who promptly came to the rescue with a Japanese dish full of photographs and the suggestion: "Here, Harold, take these over to the lamp yonder, and study up an attitude. They are pictures of various Fauntleroy boys and girls."

As soon as the boy had gone off, Mr. English addressed himself to Guy.

"Have you authority to make business arrangements for your brother?" he began. "I should like to put this thing through at once, so we can announce Fauntleroy for next Monday."

"No, I am afraid not finally," answered Guy. "You see we have said nothing to his mother about all this as yet. She is ill and we did not wish to excite her needlessly. Now that you have decided the boy will be apt to make a success, if you will make us an offer for his services, I will be glad to submit it to her, and let you know the result at the earliest possible moment."

"I suppose by that you would like to know the salary I am willing to give him," responded Mr. English, reflectively stroking his beard. "You see he is utterly untrained for the stage, although manifesting a remarkable aptitude for it. Taking this fact into consideration I cannot consistently offer more than thirty dollars a week to begin with—and to continue, say, for a period of three months. Contract to be broken by either party only after two weeks' notice. That is fair, isn't it?"

With a vivid recollection of the experience with Colonel Starr, Guy was bound to admit that it was, and promised to submit the offer to Mrs. Hammersley and report upon it the next morning at the theater if possible when he came to business.

"And if favorable," said Mr. English, rising and drawing on his gloves, "as I trust it may be, bring the boy with you, and we will get him accustomed to the stage at once. Let me see, the name is—"

"Harold, Harold Glenn," returned Guy, for Mrs. Hammersley had preferred that the boy should re-

tain his father's name rather than take her present one.

"Good, that will look well on the bills," went on the manager, "which reminds me of another reason for haste in this matter. I must go back to the theater now as quickly as possible. Good-night, Shepard. Much obliged for your offices in this matter. Good-by, Mr. Hammersley. Good-night, Harold."

Mr. English hurried off, and Guy and his brother were about to follow him, when Shepard announced that he couldn't think of letting them go yet. He then got out the paraphernalia for some sleight-of-hand tricks, sent upstairs to Arlington to come down and help him, and the two then proceeded to thoroughly delight and mystify Harold till nine o'clock, when ice cream and cake was produced, after which Guy declared positively that it was time for little boys to be to bed.

"I'll be at the Criterion to-morrow when you get there, Hammersley," said Shepard at parting, "and will take charge of our young star while you are at the office. So you can tell his mother he will be well cared for."

"But the costumes," suggested Guy, the thought of them suddenly occurring to him. "Shall we be expected to provide them?"

"Oh, no, I imagine not, under the present contract," answered Shepard. "I will speak to English about that in the morning, and let you know when you come."

Harold said but little on the way home, but his eyes sparkled, and once or twice Guy saw his lips moving, showing that he was conning the lines of the familiar story.

"When are you going to speak to mamma about it, Guy?" he asked, as they left the train at Ninety-Third street. "To-night?"

"If she is awake, yes," was the answer.

The older lad was almost as excited over this sudden prospect which had opened before them as was the younger. Thirty dollars a week! Why, that would lift them entirely above all cause for worry. And yet, it seemed heartless to look on this sordid side, and to reflect that they were to owe their respite from grinding poverty to the offices of a boy of ten.

Still, one glance at the radiant young face beside him was enough to prove convincingly the fact that the earning of this weekly wage would be pure and unalloyed delight, not toil. And in this frame of mind, Guy sought his mother's chamber when they reached the flat.

She was awake, and feeling easier, she said.

"You have been out with Harold, Ruth tells me," she began, when Guy came in.

"Yes, mother, and I want to tell you all about it now," and thinking it best that the subject should be approached gradually, Guy started in with an account of his adventure in front of the Criterion Theater the previous evening, and wound up with a report of Mr. English's offer of an hour before.

"And now all rests with you, mother," he concluded. "Harold is completely wrapped up in the idea, but I can see he loves the art for its own sake and not for any notoriety it may bring him, so that it cannot harm him. And I will undertake to go with him every night to the theater. And I believe it will hasten your recovery if you have it to look forward to see him act."

"Do you, Guy? Well, then, I will consent."

And Guy hurried off to Harold with the good news.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





EDITORIAL CHAT

A Happy New Year.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight! With the joyous clangor of the midnight bells still ringing in our ears, we arose this morning to a new day and a new year. It is like commencing a journey through unknown and trackless lands, this first impression of the day. There is something in the very "feel" of the air, something that tells us we are on the threshold of a momentous period of our lives. If we are old boys, we look back and scan the dimly-fading weeks and months and years of the past and mark the spots of sorrow and the glowing oases of joy. But if we are young, it is to the coming year that we turn. That is the difference between age and youth—retrospection and anticipation.

The phrase, "A Happy New Year," comes readily from the lips at this season. One hears it on all sides. It is like the stereotyped, "Good-morning," or the monotonous comments on the weather. Sometimes it is said with feeling, how ever. When a mother, a father, brother or sister, or a dear friend clasps your hand on this morning and says, with a tender gleam in the eye and a catch in the voice, "A Happy New Year, and God Bless You!" you can know that it comes from deep down in the heart. That is how we feel toward our readers. We cannot clasp each by the hand, much as we would like to, but we can wish them, in all sincerity—A Happy New Year!

This is also the day when we are supposed to "turn over new leaves." The expression is peculiarly applicable to Army and Navy. Our many readers will turn over "new leaves" and they will find that each contains something of interest and something well worth reading. The promises made when this publication was started are in progress of fulfillment. If you look through the pages of this number you will see that it is not equalled by any juvenile periodical extant. It is only in Army and Navy that you can find two complete novelettes detailing the adventures of cadets at the famous Government schools.

Those alone would be well worth the price of the publication, but, in addition, you will find four splendid serials written by the best authors obtainable. William Murray Graydon, Matthew White, Jr., Brooks McCormick and Frank H. Converse form a quartette hard to beat. Their stories speak for themselves. The new serial,

"The Treasure of Isora; or, The Giant Islanders of Tiburon," is one of the best and most exciting juvenile tales it has been our good fortune to read. It is filled with thrilling adventures, and the description of the struggle for the treasure has few equals in literature. Mr. Graydon's fascinating tale of wild adventure in Northwest Canada has reached a stage where the reader can easily recognize its merit. In addition to these novelettes and serials, will be found a splendid short story and several pages of interesting departments, forming, on the whole, a galaxy of reading matter far and above that in other publications. That fact is certainly patent to you.

For the coming year we have in hand or in preparation serial stories by authors whose works have made them favorites among our readers. The exclusive services of Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Frederick Garrison have been secured, and their charming stories of cadet school life will continue to form a prominent feature of Army and Navy. Mr. William Murray Graydon is under special contract, and four of his inimitable serials will appear during the coming twelve months. There will also be published stories by A. L. Putnam, Lieutenant Lionel Lounsberry, Enrique H. Lewis, Horatio Alger, Jr., Arthur Sewall, George H. Coomber, Brooks McCormick, Captain C. M. Ashley, Matthew White, Jr., and others.

Past experience has proved conclusively that our young friends are unanimously in favor of prize contests. As it is our intention to give the readers just what they wish in every particular, competitions for valuable prizes will be conducted throughout the year. A new contest is now in preparation. Full details will be given shortly. The result of the "Criticism Contest," recently finished, will be announced in the next number.

Army and Navy will be improved in every part during the coming year. Especial attention will be paid to illustrations. A superior quality of paper will be used, a new cover of a neat and attractive design will be adopted, and everything possible done to make the publication the best of its class.

Arthur Sewall



AMATEUR JOURNALISM

NEWS NOTES
OF INTEREST TO THE
YOUNG PUBLISHERS
AND AUTHORS
OF AMERICA



EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Blots" for November has reached the "Table." Although only in its third issue it is one of the brightest papers in the 'dom. The current number contains much of interest to amateur journalists and writers.

"The New Recorder" for November is an interesting number. The new heading is very artistic and reflects credit upon its designer. A well-written special article on Thanksgiving by F. Arthur Atkinson is the leader. Editorial notes and the regular departments are above the usual mark.

The editor, Mr. Floyd R. Switzer, announces the contents of his Christmas number.

"The Young American" is one of the latest papers to enter the field. It is published in Osage, Iowa, by Paul Hallingby, and is an eighth page publication, 8 1-2 by 6. The first number contains a serial entitled "Ramapo Pass," an announcement by the editor and some interesting miscellaneous matter. Mr. Hallingby desires original contributions and wishes it known that sample copies will be cheerfully furnished on application.

The United Amateur Press Association.

MOTTO: "United we stand; divided we fall."

Objects and principles. First—To unite fraternally all those interested in amateur journalism.

Second—To advance the interest taken in literary accomplishments.

Third—To uphold, maintain and perpetuate all departments connected with this association.

Fourth—To induce the young people of America to become interested in amateurism.

Fifth—To enable its members to place before the public, articles, poems, stories or whatever they have achieved, in literary pursuits.

Sixth—To instruct its members so that they may gain higher honors.

This organization was started in Philadelphia, Pa., September 2, 1895, by William H. Greenfield, who was its first president. With but comparatively few members at the start, it has been steadily gaining in membership until it numbers nearly two hundred members at this writing, which shows its popularity with the young people.

Great interest was manifested at its first election, by ballot, which occurred in December, '96.

The increase of membership has caused the association to hold conventions. The first was held in Philadelphia, on the 19th, 20th and 21st of August, 1897, and was a huge success.

The following board of officers was elected and will be installed in January, 1898: J. Fred Crosson, president, 520 South Eighteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Mame Weigel, first vice-president, 1324 William street, Harrisburg, Pa.; Harry M. Konwiser, second vice-president, 36 Barbara street, Newark, N. J.; Harris Reed, Jr., secretary, Box 3533 Station O., Philadelphia, Pa.; C. I. Geibel, treasurer, Cheltenham, Pa.; Samuel De Hayn, Eastern chief of reviews, 1732 South Seventeenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Don. C. Wilson, Western chief of reviews, 2025 M street, Lincoln, Neb.; Miss Edith M. Ericson, chairman credential committee, L. Box 9, Elroy, Wis.; "Bits and Chips,"

official organ, 58 Taylor avenue, Utica, N. Y.; 1898 convention seat, Milwaukee.

The newly-elected officers, in order to make the association a success, numerically and financially, wish the co-operation of every reader of this who has literary inclinations.

Full particulars concerning admission fee and dues can be obtained by addressing the secretary or any officer of the association.

Amateur Journalism.

(The following graphic article was submitted by Mr. R. Meyling of Petaluma, California, in the "Amateur Journalism Contest." It is published for the benefit of those interested in the 'dom.)

No other art will give more pleasure and profit than amateur journalism. Several papers are already published by amateurs and the subject only needs encouragement to give it a more widespread attention. I have given below some practical hints on the subject hoping that it may aid many young people in the publishing of amateur papers.

The first requisite will be a press and type, the cost of which will depend upon the size of the paper you wish to publish. A small hand press, which will print a form 5 1-2x8 inches, with five fonts of type, ink, furniture, etc., may be purchased for \$25. Extra fonts of type costing from 80 cents to \$1.50 will be necessary. For the editorial column long primer is most suitable. In short, a complete outfit will cost from \$35 to \$50, although this is only estimated for a small paper; larger outfits will cost more in proportion.

The size of a paper is not an easy point to decide, for this will depend upon the size of the press, frequency of issue, and the command of articles and advertising. Two folios, one placed within the other, and the page being 5 1-2x8 or 8x9 inches, I think would be most advisable. If you wish to devote your paper to miscellaneous subjects I would advise a monthly issue, but if you desire to publish local news also, I would advise a weekly issue.

Articles for publication may be secured by placing a notice to that effect in the editorial column. To secure advertising visit the stores and shops of your town, and ask the proprietors of same for it. Advertising for the first issue may be secured by doing as above and printing a large issue of the first number and distributing them throughout the neighborhood. The distributing will at the same time serve as a method for securing subscribers. Each copy should be marked "Sample Copy." To further develop your circulation send out some person, giving them a percentage on each subscriber secured.

As space permits I will give a few hints on composition and presswork. After the prepared "copy" comes from the editorial table it must be set into type. This is an easily acquired art, though at first it may seem difficult. Lay the copy on the case at your right hand side, holding the stick in your left hand, read a few words from the copy and pick up the type with your right hand, placing them in the stick. When a line is completed place a rule after it and begin a new line, going through the same process until your stick is full. Empty the stick by placing the type into a galley.

When the make-up in the form is finished the form is ready to go to press. The paper should be slightly sprinkled with water by a sponge for this will insure an even impression. This should be done the day before you go to press.

OUR JOKE DEPARTMENT.

Quite Positive.

A country schoolmaster had been telling his scholars about the seasons and their peculiarities, and to impress the facts upon their minds he questioned them upon the points he had given. Several queries had been put, and he finally reached the stupid boy in the corner.

"Well, Tommy, I suppose you have been paying attention?"

"Yes, sir," he answered promptly.

"I'm glad to hear it. Now, can you tell me what there is in the spring?"

"Yes, sir, I can; but I don't want to."

"Oh, yes, you do. Don't be afraid. You have heard the other scholars. Come, now, tell us what there is in the spring."

"Why, why, sir, there's a frog an' a lizard an' a dead cat in it; but I didn't put 'em there. It was another boy, for I see him do it."

Friendly.

"Man, Sandy, is that you?" exclaimed in surprise an old man in the street the other day. "Man, I thought ye were deid. I heard ye were drowned!"

"Oh, no; it wasna me," returned Sandy, solemnly. "It was ma brither."

"Dear me! dear me!" murmured the old man. "Whit a pity! Whit a terrible pity!"

There was a somewhat thoughtful look on Sandy's face as he wandered away.

Presidential Pointer.

American Youth—"Father, can't any man get to be President if he works for it?"

Father—"No, my son. It's the man who doesn't work for it that gets there."

A Horrifying Discovery.

Little Girl—"Oh, mamma, you'll have to send dat new nurse off. She's awful wicked!"

Mamma—"Horrors! What does she do?"

Little Girl—"She tells us Bible stories on week days."

Full Stock.

Customer—"Have you any rare old cheese?"

New Boy—"Yes sir. Got all sorts—rare, very rare, raw, er alive."

Country Bumpkins.

Little Miss De Fashion (at the opera)—"I guess those folks in that box is from the country."

Mrs. De F.—"Why, dear?"

Little Miss De Fashion—"I can't hear a word they say."

Knowing and Thinking.

Mamma—"Can you pass me the cake, dear?"

Little Dear—"I finks you's had all 'at is dood for you."

Mamma—"How do you know?"

Little Dear—"I don't know, I only fink, like you do wen I wants fings."

The Height of Hospitality.

Mother—"Why have you put on that old dress? and, dear me, why are you rubbing that dirt on your face?"

Little Daughter—"Susie Slummer has tum to call on me, an' she's dot an old dress an' a dirty face."

Vigorous Kissing.

Mother—"Bobby, come right up stairs this instant and change your shoes and stockings."

Bobby—"They isn't wet."

Mother—"Indeed they are, just soaking. I can hear them 'sop, sop, sop' whenever you walk."

Bobby—"That's Sis and Mr. Nicefello in th' parlor."

Old Cheese,

Mamma—"What's the matter, my pet?"

Little Pet—"My tongue hurts tellble."

Mamma—"Did you bite it?"

Little Pet—"No'm; zee cheese bited it."

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